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A VISION.

BY META E. THORNE.

To-night the wind blows wildly from the east,
And swift before it fly the foam-like clouds,
Hiding the glories of the evening sky,
That arches o'er them; and the mellow light
Of yonder moon, that, smiling calmly on—
Its resting-place upon the western sea—
Approaches slowly; now is half obscured;
Now, to the eye that glances o'er the scene,
The silver disc seems drifting, drifting slow
Towards the eastern sky, because the clouds
Sweep over it so rapidly.

How oft

In life, when one is striving for the right—
Is slowly pressing forward towards the good,
And yearning for the beautiful, the true,
How often then the passing clouds of time,
Of change, of circumstance, obscure the light.
Or make its feeble glow seem gliding back
Away from goodness and the goal desired!
O Father, give us grace to still press on,
Nor heed the shadows that our path enshroud;
And through this night, Lord, teach us so to live,
That at the closing of our pilgrimage
We pass from out this realm of clouds to one
Where night and shades come never—all is light!

Just as you moon, the clouds all passed away,
Is calmly shining for her nights repose
Upon the western sea of sapphire light.

PERFUNCTORINESS.

BY PROF. J. P. LACROIX.

Ever since the time when
"In Adam's fall
We sinned all,"
everything tends to deteriorate, to fossilize, to dry out. Our seas evaporate, our ice melts, our fires chill, our faces wrinkle, our blood stagnates, our nerves relax, our eye wears, our spirit droops; we fall into sleep.

Work up a plant by hot-house nursing and intense feeding into an extra-fine variety, but then put it out for a few years on the bleak and unfertile heath, and it will soon run down, and back, into its former worthlessness.

Train and feed up a spindling, shriveled, wild horse into a sleek, plump, nimble pony, fit to carry a queen; but turn it once out into its wild, homeless prairies again, and it speedily shrivels back into its native, shaggy ugliness.

Take a wild boy of the forest, and pet and train him out of his savagery; give him books for tomahawks, clothes for nakedness, laws for brute force; put upon him all the glitter and varnish of civilization; and it is all very well, provided he will only stay so. But he will not. Turn him out of his new surroundings, and back into his old; take the props from around him, and the pressure from beneath him, and pretty soon he will have relapsed into his old savage self; and then the war-whoop will scream out of his lips quite as naturally as if he had never seen the inside of a bodicoor.

But this tendency to relapse reaches also up into the sphere of morality and religion. And here we need only appeal to all honest experience. The verdict is at once in our favor. The proofs are in us, and all about us. The proofs are in the pulpits and in the pews of all Christendom; as also they are strewn along the whole course of Church history.

The religious life tends to degenerate in two directions—towards extinction, and towards perfunctoriness. And these two are one, in so far as real. It is bad enough to have a religious life that is drifting towards extinction; it is but little better to have one that is becoming perfunctory.

And who is free from this latter danger? Does not our finest silver sadly tend to get grossed over and through? Take the very highest spiritual activity in which man can engage—the preaching of the Gospel, the promoting of

revivals. Who that has self-knowledge, does not feel the danger of backsliding in the very midst of sermon-making, in the very process of calling sinners to God?

The officer tends to absorb the man. The human brother tends to become a mere instrument, an utter machine. We are far from intending to let this be so; but yet it becomes so. With the very best purpose to the contrary, yet slide and fall. Our clerical life gets divorced from the common life. Our caste-life falls out of union with the mass-life. Our official life sits as a fetter, or a refrigerator, upon our human life.

This is the secret of the dangerousness of a priesthood. This explains why all priesthoods, however spotless in origin, sooner or later degenerate into tyrannical, close corporations, hovering like a nightmare, like a pestilence, upon the moral health of the people. It has been so with all Gentile priesthoods, an occasional Melchizedek to the contrary notwithstanding. It was notoriously so with the Jewish priesthood. It has been scandalously so with the various priesthoods of historical Christianity. What are the oriental Christian priesthoods but mummies, but fossils? And what of the Roman? And what, alas, of too many lines of Protestant priesthoods? You would exhaust more fingers than any ordinary man has, before you should have counted up all the Protestant priesthoods that have long since landed high and dry upon the bleak sands of sacramentalism or Christianity. And also others that have as yet considerable spiritual vitality, are posting full-tilt in the same deadly direction.

But what is the remedy? We confess we do not know. That is, we do not know of any that has ever yet succeeded. Methodism will have to be left out of the question; for one century of success is no full guarantee of two centuries to come. Other Churches have lived a century and a half or two centuries; but then they have become rich and fashionable, and have speedily gone the way of the whole earth. God grant that those who are now piloting our big Methodist ship, may pilot her out of the perils of a close-corporate ecclesiasticism! Otherwise she will surely and inevitably meet the fate of all her predecessors.

But though we know of no absolute remedy, we know of the next thing to it. It is this—revolution and sloughing-off. Thus: When a Church dries up into officialism, or caste-ism, or priestism, the pent-up spiritual life of the people usually finds some new organ; the dead stump sends up some fresh shoot; some Wycliffe, or Luther, or Wesley, or Finney, or Cummins, "comes to himself," makes a halt, casts overboard the burden of traditions, and opens up a new channel for the spiritual life of the people. These new departures, these violent breakings with the past, are the only remedy which as yet the life of God in humanity has found for saving itself from utter extinction. They seem, therefore, to be necessary—necessary so long as the mass of humanity are wholly or partially unregenerate, and particularly so long as so much merely half-regenerate human nature finds its way into pew and pulpit.

Revolution, we say, is the only remedy that has thus far proved effectual. There is, however, a better remedy; but it is as yet only an ideal one. That remedy is a faithful cleaving to God on the part both of minister and of people. Among the many Churches that, from age to age, shoot off from the main, old, decaying body, there will eventually be one which will not need also in its turn to be shuffled off as a dead cumber of the Lord's ground. Will it be Methodism? Or will it be simply the Christianity that is in Methodism? Will it come by peaceful growth, or only by violent cataclysm?

Ohio Wesleyan University.

TEHUPAN-ATA.

BY REV. J. W. MERRILL, D. D.

[Concluded.]

Varied was the lot of Samarkand and Central Asia until the thirteenth century. Twelve centuries and more had come and gone, with a heavy burden of change and crime. About 1221 Tchingiz Khan, the Mongol, in the sweep of his conquests took Samarkand, enlarged and beautified it; and it is said—though certainly out of his custom—that he gave umbrage to the Christians, and threw over them the wing of his protection. Then was standing the Christian Church of St. John the Baptist. A prosperous bishopric was established, and Christianity was embosomed securely among the 100,000 families of the city. The Christian religion prevailed with its elevations and comforts among the people. But now how changed the scene! A small Russian chapel within the city is the chief relic of the religion of Christ the Lord. All else save the Jews are

the followers of Islam, living in the "habitations of cruelty," while "gross darkness covers the people."

The dynasty of Tchingiz Khan, as it had a beginning, had also an end; and that of the brave Timur or Tamerlane, took its place. Kesh, including Kitab and Shaar, was his native city. Admiring Samarkand, he made it his home and his capital. He spared no expense or art to enlarge and adorn it; so that it became "the face of the earth, and Bokhara the marrow of Islam." After the visit of Clavijo, until the year A. D. 1821, it was seldom, if ever, visited by Europeans. Yet the salubrity of the atmosphere, the beauty of all the natural scenery, the luxuriance of the gardens, the romance of the mountains and valleys, continue still as they have been for centuries. Nor are there wanting the peculiar charm and splendor of Saracenic architecture. Such was the mosque erected in 1323 by Timur, on the spot where was said to be martyred Kasim Ibn Abbas, a Mohammedan saint. It is called the Shah Tindeh. "Its ruins," says a recent tourist, "are, with perhaps one exception, the finest in Central Asia. In front is a large arched portal, built of brick, faced with porcelain tiles of white, light blue and dark blue, arranged in mosaic patterns and in many places forming in cufic verses from the Koran; on each side are small mosques, now almost ruined. From the arched door a long staircase leads up the side hill. These were once covered with slabs of marble, but with one or two exceptions they have been destroyed and nothing but the uneven brick-work now remains. Along the sides are small mosques for tombs, and on the right a little court. Under a dome is shown the famous well in which the faithful can still see—especially at night—the form of Shah Tindeh, the martyred saint, "the still living king," who, when his head was cut off, adroitly seized it and jumped into that very well.

Near Shah Tindeh is a college, built in 1385 by Bibi Kanyim, "daughter of the Emperor of China," and Timur's favorite wife. The span of the entrance and size of the dome are said to be immense. A prophecy announced to Bibi Kanyim that she should die to the life of a tarantula. She besought her husband not to bury her under ground, after the way of the Moslems, but above, in a coffin. So Timur made a medrese adjoining his mosque, where, when she died, he buried the sprightly and beautiful Bibi Kanyim in a casket, adorned in her royal robes with all her ornaments and jewels.

But time would fail to tell of all the shreds of splendor remaining in the city. There stands, still in very good repair, the noted tomb of Timur, whose name was a terror to his age, where his ashes and those who succeeded him, and other descendants of his grandson, repose in silence. There also is the medrese of Shir-Tar, once of transcendent beauty, and still resistant to the tooth of time!

In 1497 the wall around the city was six miles and over. The city is enclosed still with an ancient wall, as also the citadel, which overlooks the domes and minarets around in attractive elegance. In almost every direction is a background of mountain scenery, and here and there some of the peaks of the mountains tower aloft to the heavens in caps of spotless snow. But the Moslem grasp is still upon Samarkand, and decay, with corruption, ignorance, and vice, mark at almost every step this once most beautiful city in Central Asia. Its glory can only be restored by a Christian civilization. Where in all the earth could we establish to better purpose a new mission? Obstacles there are, and these are everywhere. Turkistan is under a two-fold civil government—that of Amir and Beks, and that of the Czar of Russia; but the native authority is subject to the Russian. Central Turkistan has been under Russian governors who have discounted and discouraged missions. But is this always to continue? It cannot be conceded. Then the sooner the spell is broken, the better. Let our noble Missionary Society, with our Bishops, obtain a missionary charter for Turkistan from the Christian Czar of Russia, setting forth the objects and aim of our work—the salvation of men and their enlightenment and social elevation. At least the attempt can be made; and such a charter of rights and defense should be secured before this noble sovereign passes off the stage.

Will not Christ, the Head of His people, pity the peoples of Central Asia? And will not the youthful sons and daughters of genius and consecrated learning enter the old homestead of our race, and carry to the drooping inmates the cheer and the hopes of the Redeemer of Israel? How would the tourist once more leap for joy as the tourist should look down upon the domes and spires, and listen to the bells of Christian worship, as he should gaze upon the charming Samarkand from the top of Tehupan-ata!

WILBRAHAM.

BY PROF. GEORGE PRENTICE, D. D.

How many memories start up in how many minds at sight of the familiar name, Wilbraham! It has been a long time since my duties have permitted me to linger in this hallowed spot. To-day they bid me linger, and I render an unreluctant obedience. Certainly the renewal of such long-cherished associations, and the revival of such undying memories, are well worth gaining at considerable cost. How changed the spot since I first saw it, twenty-six years ago! Improved, do you ask? Of course; did Dr. Raymond live in vain? If you seek his monument, stand out there on the broad campus and look around: Fisk Hall, Binney Hall, the principal's house, the vast boarding house—all stately monuments of that prince of men!

The eye greets with pleasure the graceful memorial church built in Dr. Cook's day. Few schools of this kind in America can show such a noble array of buildings clustered about their grounds. Then, too, internal improvements have not been wanting. The opinion grows upon one as he inspects the working of the school, that its claims upon the confidence and patronage of the public have never stood so high as to-day. The school deserves well of the Church.

I am glad to hear that, in spite of the hard times, it has suffered no disaster. Last year the school paid its way. It required skill and self-sacrifice to compass this result, and these requirements were met by Principal Fellows and his noble associates.

The Church will be glad to know that the present term opens prosperously. A goodly company of students are present, and the prospect is inviting. There is room for others. Let them come and enjoy the abundant facilities the school affords for mental and religious improvement.

Last Sunday morning, President Warren, of Boston University, preached an admirable sermon in the village church. It was a careful presentation of the "errors" to which youthful students are exposed, and contained earnest and reasonable admonitions for the opening of the school year. May its lessons be carefully heeded!

How much such a school as this does for the Church and the world! I can count up a long list of the sons and daughters of Wilbraham who have come to great usefulness and honor. Many of them found their earliest inspiration here. Their present service is the flower of that earlier life of consecration. Others there were whom the world could not know (so silent and retired were their unselfish lives), whose presence made earth heaven until their recall left it a desolation. They, too, once lived here. Happy place!

ROUGHING IT IN THE CANADA WOODS.

BY PROF. T. H. KIMPTON.

MR. EDITOR: It rains to-day, and so I sit me down in the sportsman's room of "Parker Lodge" to give you the "forest news." The weather is just cool enough to give one a keen appreciation of the wood fire that is shooting its tongues of flame up the large chimney. Under the inspiring influence of its genial heat and glowing blaze, I could, methinks, so paint the charms of life in the woods as to stir a sportsman's heart. I have been here only two days, and yet I could, from yesterday's experiences alone, weave a tale that would stir within your heart deep longings for a "lodge in the wilderness."

Before I do this, however, let me gossip a little of Montreal and St. Leon Springs. I never saw such sure evidence, anywhere, of hard times and dullness in business as in the mountain city of Canada. There is no shipping at its docks, no business activity in its streets or stores. The hotels are empty, while the hackmen "go mourning about the streets." Would you like to know the reason assigned by the hotel proprietors for the scarcity of Yankees? It is that the Orangemen riot of July 12th has frightened away our "American cousin." How ridiculous, indeed! As if a small row like the above, in which one life only was lost, and no property destroyed, could alarm a people who can get up a Pittsburgh riot and a national strike! Canadians must admit, I think, that we can outdo their mightiest efforts even in diabolical operations. A much more reasonable cause for the absence of "our folks" is that Americans are staying at home to save money. Indeed, those that do come buy very little, and look out for the lowest-priced resorts. A broker in Montreal told me that, in all his experience of twenty-five years, he had never seen such "smallness" (as he expressed it) in money transactions. Where tourists used to exchange

\$500 they now buy \$100. And certainly there is very little reason for purchasing goods in Montreal. Ladies' furnishings are certainly as high as at home, while men's clothing is not one whit cheaper than in Boston.

You know, probably, that Hackett's murderer had been discovered. The feeling now is that molestations for religious opinions are at an end. Orangemen will hereafter parade the streets undisturbed.

Our ride down the blue St. Lawrence was as delightful as ever, and at its end we met with a warm welcome from our usual summer host, J. K. Gilman, of St. Leon Springs Hotel. This resort, by the by, is full, and for good reason, since the spring is the "fountain of life," the house comfortable, the table first-class, and the prices reasonable. St. Leon is situated on the Riviere du Loup, a northern branch of the St. Lawrence, and is distant from Montreal about sixty-five miles. The medicinal properties of the water have long been known throughout Canada, and are now attracting the notice of New Englanders, who annually resort to this place in considerable numbers. Quite a number of Bostonians are registered at the house. But I may write more of these Springs hereafter.

I had hardly bathed in their refreshing waters and eaten at the excellent hotel table, when Mr. Parker (owner of this lodge) appeared upon the scene ready to transport me to the woods. My tackle and baggage were soon lashed to the "backboard," and we on our way. Did you ever ride on a backboard? There are only two considerations which can make a ride upon one of these vehicles enjoyable, or even endurable. The first is, that, at its end, you are to find such a place as this in which I am writing; the second, that the shaking you get is an eternal foe to indigestion with its attendant evils.

"Parker lodge," our present home, is situated on the banks of a beautiful lake of the Laurentides. We are on the borders of the wilderness which stretches away to the Hudson Bay territory. The lodge is in the northern part of St. Maurice county, P. Q. The nearest parish, St. Elie (our post-office), is an offshoot of Y'Machie, which dates back to the year 1704. St. Elie is the third and last of the tier of parishes stretching back from Lake St. Peter towards the Laurentian hills. The lakes nearest to us feed the Y'Machie river, a northern tributary of the St. Lawrence, into which it empties, a few miles to the east of the Riviere du Loup (already mentioned in this letter).

And, indeed, from the lodge, we can and do reach lakes emptying into the latter, as also another chain that flows into the St. Maurice to the east of us. We often start from the house after breakfast, and carrying our canoe with us, visit eleven lakes before our return at evening. Of course this necessitates some tramping, and results in some hardening of the "calves."

We visited, yesterday, a lake of the Riviere du Loup chain, crossing, on our way, "Lake of the Clear Water"—a sheet six miles long and three broad. Trout have been taken from its waters weighing ten pounds. I have myself caught brook trout in it that weighed two pounds. Yesterday, however, we passed on to a smaller one emptying into this. I was very skeptical about our success when I saw the size of our pond, but in three hours Mr. Parker and myself killed thirty-seven trout, twenty of which were "pounders."

On the way to and from the fishing region we started up ducks and partridges without number, but the season is "close," and we are both law-abiding; so the "birds" were spared for the fall shooting. I have often been asked whether game could be found in these Canadian woods, and so let me now say that even within a day's tramp from Parker lodge, good caribou hunting can be found, while in this immediate locality smaller game is very abundant.

But how much there is to stimulate in these forests, besides the fish in the lakes and brooks, or the birds and beasts in the thickets! What inspiring influence in the woods themselves! Their very silence is vocal to the soul's ears, and when the trees murmur in their topmost branches, the lover of nature hears naught but soothing music in the sound. Emerson says: "In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth." Of a truth one cannot fail to become young again "within these plantations of God."

And these forests are especially youth-renewing to me, for I used to wander in them years ago, and I often follow Canadian guides who were companions of my boyhood days in the lumbering settlement which was my early home. Indeed, Mr. Parker and I were boys together in the same house; and so now, when he and myself sit by the same camp-fire and wrap ourselves in the same blanket, it is not strange

that we dwell much upon the past and thus renew our youth. We often call in our native or "half-breed" canoe-men and wear away the evening hours in lively chat and amusing stories.

By the by, these simple children of the forests are never at a loss for subjects of conversation. They have fertile brains and lively fancies, which can, when actual adventures are lacking, invent tales to suit all tastes and adapted to every degree of credulity.

But to our trip! Clear Water lake cannot be surpassed in beauty by any sheet of inland water anywhere. When we left it the sun was sending golden rays across its calm, clear waters; the circling hills were being gilded by the same light, giving us a picture worthy of the most skillful brush. But the day was closing; we were six miles from home, and very hungry. Mr. P. is a rapid walker, and I was determined not to fall behind him. The distance was measured, through woods and over water; in one hour from the time we reached our lines on the lake's border. You may be sure that the exertion necessitated by such a "quick passage" prepared us all—sportsmen and guides—for an early bed and sound slumbers.

P. S. Since writing the above we have had city company, but we have not found them at all "civilized." Indeed, they are old "campers," and have visited all the sporting regions of Maine and New York.

You should have seen our departure for a week's stay in the woods. Mr. Parker's boats are of the Rob Roy pattern, made at Peterboro, Ont. They are as light as a "bark," and when loaded properly they are a "thing of beauty" on the wave. In this case, too, they were laden with specimens of humanity that would make a picture anywhere—so I said you should have seen "the start."

The parish priest had called upon us in the morning, and now stood in his long robes ready to wave us his adieu and blessing. The morning was charming, and the guides in good trim and eager for the voyage. We returned the good-byes of the rotund dominie and turned us to the east. The paddles dip to their work, and at the word our "water steeds" leap forward as for a race. Our fleet consisted of three canoes and one baggage boat. If I had an artist's pencil, I would sketch the picture that we made; but as I can't, the scene must remain in our remembrance alone. And yet the most skillful pencil or brush must come short of the real charm, the real inspiration, of such a scene. The rippling water that yields to the sharp-cutting prow, and answers in sweet music to the dipping paddle, is silent in the truest picture and the most vivid pencil sketch. The most "speaking scene" on canvas is heard only by the mind's ears.

Here, then, we lived as sportsmen love to live, and caught all the trout needed for our large family of guides and fishermen. From the waters of this lake trout have been taken as heavy as ten pounds, though our heaviest fish weighed about two and one half pounds. We caught them with "spoon" and "bait" and "fly," and altogether had (as one of our party puts it) a "superb experience."

As I have already written so much, I will not attempt to describe our camp-life, but add that as often as we could spare thought from our exhilarating sport, we could but pity those deluded mortals who spend these summer days and nights on hotel balconies and among brainless flirts and coxcombs at fashionable resorts. It was Izak Walton who said, "God never made a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." And Bulwer Lytton speaks of "that innocent revelry in the luxuriance of summer life which only anglers enjoy to the utmost."

Parker Lodge, Caxton Wilderness, Aug. 18, 1877.

So far from being behind the times, a thousand facts demonstrate what has just been most signally shown in the great Edinburgh Council by the American delegation there, that the American clergy of to-day, as a body, are fully abreast, in intellectual ability and spiritual power, with any class or profession of educated men in our own or any other country. If there is any sphere of intellectual, moral and spiritual power, in which America can hold up her head with honor in the presence of all civilized nations, it is her pulpit.—Interior.

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FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

PARENTAL NEGLIGENCE.

The parent who would wish to see a child eternally lost is a heartless brute; yet the probabilities are overwhelmingly strong that his refusal himself to accept Jesus will result in the destruction of his child. His example, his training, all tend in that direction. If the parent can live without Christ, why not the child? If the father may safely defer considering the question of personal religion, to old age, why not the son or the daughter? One of the most solemn thoughts for the head of the family who is not an earnest, active, praying, God-fearing Christian is, that his inattention is not only unpardonable, but is a perilous neglect, and that his own everlasting welfare, but more so, and there is very great danger to fear, will be the means of dragging down to perdition those confiding little ones, who are dearer even than life itself, and who apprehend no such fearful treatment from father and mother.—Christian Observer.

FACTS AND HYPOTHESES.

How do we verify the atomic theory? No one ever saw an atom, no one ever will. We verify it solely by saying that no other theory will explain the phenomena. How do we verify the ether theory? No one ever saw ether, felt it, weighed it, or in any way made its presence manifest. We verify it solely by saying that no other hypothesis will fit the facts. As theists we sit down to study the problem of the world. We note its harmony, the intelligence, personality manifest, and we say this world cannot be possibly explained except by assuming that it had an intelligent Deity. And if it can be shown that this hypothesis fits the facts which it does, and that no other hypothesis will explain the facts, then the theistic belief is verified in precisely the same way in which nine-tenths of the scientific hypotheses are verified. In short, the notion that there is any difference between scientific reasoning and philosophic reasoning is a personation of heresy. Both consist of applying common sense to the fact.—Prof. P. B. BOWNE, at Chautauque.

OUR ONLY SAFETY.

Labor to-day is groping like a blind giant for the pillars of the Republic, to bring the whole superstructure down in one magnificent ruin. Our only safety lies in enlightening his eyes with gospel truth, and renewing his heart by gospel grace. Communistic ideas are prevailing more and more every year. If we do not save the masses they will destroy us. The great danger is, that without an army our nation is a mass. Our peril is not from without but from within, and our deliverance can only come through Christianity, faithfully promoted among the masses. Away with all merely worldly-wise, infidel and Utopian schemes! "The earth hath bubbles as the water surface, and these are men." Let us preach Christ, His love and His salvation, to the common people. Make the Church a grateful asylum for the weary and oppressed. Let them find here a brotherhood more kind, true and helpful than all others. Encourage Christian associations and all other societies that help the Church in this missionary work; encourage laymen to go and talk the Gospel to the masses. "Would that all the Lord's people were prophets." The responsibility of the Church in this matter is tremendous, and her opportunity is sublime.—Church Union.

THE DANGER OF CHRISTLESS TEACHING.

A skeptical chemist in a State university within our knowledge has made all the religious men of the faculty seem, to the veritable, inexperienced students, the merest fools and bigots. We have seen half a score of earnest young men pick their way through the labyrinth of nature, holding the torch of revelation in a trembling hand, as they walked along the lines of growth and development that run through the ages. We have seen them almost swing off into unstrained evolutionism, and we have seen them straightened up and put on their feet again by the clear, ringing statement of a Christian professor, high up in his department, affirming the demand for "an initial impulse," and the simple suggestion that a house must have a builder no less if it be a thousand years in building, than if it be built in a moment. No thoughtful Christian man will send his son who is a Christian influence does not control these dangerous departments.—Christian Advocate.

GOSPEL LEAVEN IN POLITICS.

The more of gospel truth and gospel life that are cast into the stream of political action, the purer and sweeter its flow will be, the more securely it will bear the people along the highway of national safety. The effort of good men should be to make dominant in the State those principles of love and purity which are the essence of the Gospel, and which men confess ought to reign everywhere. Political duties should be held as sacred as church duties, and entered upon in the spirit of "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," as well as those that are more specifically called religious. A people shall be reckoned godless, or otherwise, not as the name of God shall enter their organic law or be left out, but as formal acknowledgments shall be made of Him, as upon fast days, but by their actions shall agree with God's law or contradict it.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

BEACONS.

The foam which bubbles over the sunken rocks is God's beacon to the mariner. The pain that strikes into the hand of a thoughtless child, playing with fire, is God's dangerous signal which the young mind interprets. So the sorrow and the remorse which clog the steps of sin, the joy and the glory which stream across the path of duty and holiness—these are the angels of admonition. They speak, they warn, they sting, they are the very mother-tongue to all tribes and kindreds of men. For the probationer must be tested. His will must have exercise. Every soul above idleness must count plus or minus in this problem. Every living, moving, responsible creature must either rise or sink in the tide. Not to choose at all, in the face of such momentous results, is actual choice of the wrong,—as fatal and more cowardly, than an out-spoken preference for the devil and his dominions.—Methodist Recorder.

YOUR PEARLS.

Trust not the secret of thy soul with those
Who hold their treasures with a reckless
hand;
Nor to each ready ear thy thought disclose,
Nor to each smiling face thy heart expand.
Pearls from the ocean's depth too precious
are
To be strewn heedless at the common
feet.
Show not to curious eyes the hidden tear,
Nor to the winds thy sacred words repeat;
Else under trampling hoofs thy gold shall
lie—
The holy gold of thy interior self.
Crushed the rare pearls by every passer-by,
Or given from hand to hand, as vulgar
pelf.
It is the lesson taught each separate heart
To shield its gems from universal gaze;
To shine in quiet glory and apart,
Revealed alone on coronation days.
Give freely to the world its just demand
Of sympathy, of kindness, of trust;
But keep reserved for one beloved hand
The pearls too pure to be trod down in
dust.
All lives may know thy gentleness and grace,
All hearts thy loving power may evidence;
But on few hands—on one alone—dare
place
The costly ring of priceless confidence.
—Galaxy for September.

THE RIGHT HEART.

BY REV. A. C. GEORGE, D. D.

A right heart is the grandest fact of human condition, because it is a governing fact, and a fact productive of glorious results. In every man the cherished affections are the dominating power. But the natural heart is corrupt, "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." The slimmest monsters of selfishness and sin come forth from its Stygian blackness. "There is something in every man's heart," says Goethe, "which, if we could know, would make us hate him." And an English poet has sung,—
"Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but
Himself
That hideous sight—a naked human heart."
It is certain that no heart is right, without regenerated desires and sanctified affections. To bring men to choose from their hearts those things which God desires to bestow—is the very object of gospel grace. Then the heart's feverish unrest ceases; then there is a perfect harmony of all our powers; then the law of God is made a law of liberty; then the name of Jesus charms our fears; then heaven becomes, not a vision of distant good, but a matter of present enjoyment; then we have the key to the interpretation of the providences of the Almighty; and then the heart grows daily into the image of the Crucified, and unfolds and matures for the splendors and raptures of the eternal throne.

The heart right in the sight of God is a loyal and obedient heart. It is a loving, and, because a loving, a joyful heart. It is also a courageous heart. The natural timidity may be great, but a supernatural courage is imparted. The inspiration of love is an abiding power. As long as the heart is right, there is nothing to move it from its constancy. The habit of rectitude is established; the face is fixed; the march is determined; the objective is the heavenly possession; and there is no purpose in the soul other than to go straight forward to the final victory. It is thus that the feet of the Christian soldier keep time with the heavenly drum-beat, till he pitches his moving tent on the immortal shore.

Do the angels of heaven behold anything more lovely than a heart which is right in the sight of God? How beautiful, elevated and glorious such a character! How grand the man whom God approves, whom Jesus loves, to whom all angelic powers minister entranced! The light of heaven shines through him and shows no spot. The very texture of his being is of celestial origin. He is not of the earth, earthy, but of heaven, heavenly. His aim is not to possess, but to become; not to receive, but to impart; not to heap up, ignorant who shall gather, but to pour forth, like God's sunshine and showers, fruitful of blessings to all men. How full of resources is such a life, even though it be passed in the humblest places; how pregnant of results, extending wide and far—wide as humanity, far as the unmeasured ages!

It may not seem possible that, in any case, such rectitude can be more than an ideal—can become an actual realization. It may seem too much to expect that the omniscient Spirit will discern any human heart throbbing in harmony with the chimes of infinite love. It may seem preposterous that the Most High can find satisfaction in any fallen creature, as a father in a son. But it must be remembered that all the victories of grace are in the domain of the miraculous. The impotent, distorted, scarred and blasted soul is recreated in the image of God. Jesus is not only a great Teacher, but also a great Healer. He is a Physician, as well as a Prophet. All power is given unto Him in earth and in heaven, and He works as notable miracles to-day as in the time of His incarnation. He can take all the crookedness out of a man, wash him from all filthiness, and present him faultless and pure before His Father. "The spiritual miracles," as Bengel says, "are the greatest;" and the one stupendous miracle, at which all heaven rejoices, is the salvation of the soul from sin, and its renewal in the image of God.

There are volcanic regions of the earth, where the mighty upheavals, the layers of rock running every way, and, perhaps, the open crater, and the lava tide still flowing, and the ashes even

yet hot, attest the hidden fires and the powerful subterranean forces which have lifted the stratified rocks into a thousand fragments, and destroyed the beauty and productiveness of the surface of the earth. And there are such souls. The volcanic fires of passion have burned within them; their whole being has been broken and blasted by forces terrible as hell, and the desolation of death has swept over them and around them, darkening earth and heaven. But even such souls become, by the magic touch of earth's new Creator, once more orderly, fruitful, and like unto the garden of Eden for loveliness; and as the sides of extinct volcanoes come to glow with tropical flowers and purple grapes, so such souls, renewed and purified, lift their mountain peaks heavenward, radiant with Christian graces, and golden with the fruits of holy love.

The right heart is a heart hungry for God. It has a natural appetite for the bread of life. It longs for the heavenly manna. It is athirst for the waters of salvation. Nothing will satisfy such a heart but communion with the infinite Love. It must have God. Its bliss is in His smile. It cries perpetually, "When shall I come and appear before God?" With tears, and sighs, and unutterable longings, it comes to the throne of the heavenly grace. No earthly possession, no human love, no honors or pleasures, can content such a soul. God—God alone—is its passion, paradise, satisfactory portion and everlasting possession. To such a heart the final triumph belongs. Nothing is so strong as right; nothing has such majesty as truth; and nothing is so invulnerable as purity. A holy heart is mailed against every fiery dart of the infernal archer. Its treasure is secure, its inheritance indefeasible, and its resources inexhaustible, as the fullness of God. It is victor over sin, corruption, the world, the fear of man, the grave, and the powers of darkness. Nothing can separate such a heart from the love of Christ, from the joys of holiness, or from the grandeur and glories of its eternal reward. It believes, endures and triumphs. Temptations are strong, but Jesus is stronger. He giveth the victory to His saints, and He will exalt them to reign, with Himself, in the Father's presence, forever.
—Wheeler, W. Va.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY REV. R. WHEATLEY.

The United States of America justly claim a large share of the honor due to the intrepid explorers of Central Africa. The source of the Nile—the problem of ages—has at length been definitely ascertained. Accurately speaking, we should say the sources of the Nile, for it has several. "The Lakes Victoria, Ibrahim, and Albert, acting as great basins of the equatorial water-shed, and fed by perpetual equatorial rains, constitute, with their affluents, the sources of the Nile."

The discovery of Lake Ibrahim—an immense body of water, more than twenty miles in breadth, and possibly twice that number in length—is due to the enterprise and heroic courage of an American soldier in the service of the Khedive. It is situated about midway between Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza. The Victoria river, connecting the two, runs through its centre. Captain Speke, who discovered the exit of Victoria river from the Victoria Nyanza at Ripon Falls, was not permitted to descend the stream, and, therefore, left the vexed geographical problem unsolved. Col. Long only succeeded in reaching it at Urodogani, half way between the Victoria lake and Lake Ibrahim. Descending the river from that point, he encountered the greatest perils in navigating Lake Ibrahim, which he found was lined with dense masses of vegetation.

Once within that line, "all was dark and gloomy; the waters assumed a dark, purplish character, from the decayed vegetable matter that formed an earthy covering, and from which grew into a matted carpet overhead a species of grass and papyrus, that shut out, save here and there, the rays of the sun. For two hours we shoved our boats through this channel, caught at every moment by the overhanging and luxuriant vegetation, in the hope of reaching terra firma." "Lake Ibrahim is the great vegetable nursery for the Bah-el-Abiad; like the Victoria, acting as a great reservoir for the incessant rains. The almost tranquil lake is only relieved of its heavy pressure of water when the vegetable matter decays, is annually loosened, and bearing upon its bosom the *pistia stratiotes*, (a species of lily), rushes down and past Karuma Falls into the Lake Albert, and thence to the north, into the Nile."

Since Col. Long's return, the exploration of the connecting river between the two Nyanzas has been completed, under the auspices of Col. Gordon, the governor-general of the equatorial provinces of Egypt; and military posts established at Ripon Falls, the outlet of Victoria lake, and at Maganzo, the point where the Somerset—another name for the northwesterly section of the Victoria river—empties into the Albert lake. Commercial relations have also been opened with the natives, and a lucrative traffic in ivory and other natural productions established.

The immense masses of decaying, fetid vegetation that delayed the explorer's passage through Lake Ibrahim, had formerly accumulated to such an extent in the Nile, as to bar the southward passage of the river to Sir Samuel Baker, Col. Gordon's official predecessor. The latter gentleman, at the head

of a battalion of Soudan soldiers, succeeded in effecting a downward movement of the putrid mass; but at the cost of many lives from malaria, malignant fevers, dysentery, and the dread of guinea worm. "At the moment that the tightly-massed mass of 'sod' gave way, a mass of hippopotami, with which the river from this point to its source is wonderfully full, were borne in its inextricable embrace, pressed in and crushed to a jelly, whilst the air resounded with their horrid and terrified roars."

The mere presence of such enormous quantities of rotting grasses and plants, steaming in the sun, sufficiently accounts for the unhealthiness of the upper Nile valley. Schweinfurth, Baker, and other African travelers, combine with Col. Long to represent it as wholly unfit for the residence of white men. A colony of Austrian Romanist missionaries fell victims to its deadly emanations, and, as yet, have had no successors. "Fifteen hundred miles of marsh and fetid air," to the north of Gondokoro, where they died, "and deadly jungles, morasses and decayed vegetable matter to the south, form a deadly circle which devotes to a certain fate the white man, that no artifice can surmount. Central Africa is a deadly pestiferous country, in spite of the 'trumbosh' to the contrary by travelers."

The author is exceedingly energetic in his denunciations of the country, physically considered; and not at all complimentary when he speaks of the inhabitants. He has undoubtedly, as he affirms, endeavored to speak "naked truths about naked people;" but, after all, he saw both country and people through the media of ceaseless fatigue, privation, and disease. Neither Speke, Baker, Livingstone, nor Schweinfurth are quite so atrabilious in their descriptions, and possibly for the reason that none of them suffered so much as he within the same period of time. To him, Central Africa is no paradise, but a plague-spot; and "the negro, the product of this pestilential region, is a miserable wretch, often devoid of all tradition or belief in a Deity, which enthusiastic travelers have heretofore endeavored to endow him with."

Contempt for the negro, born and bred in his Southern home, was only intensified by personal contact with the squalid Dinkas and Shillooks, the depopulated Baris, the anthropophagous Niam-Niams, the diminutive Akkas, the ungovernable, treacherous and deceitful Ugandas and Nyoros, and the horrible shambles of King M'essa. True, he feels compelled to record, in terms of respect, his impressions of some tribal chiefs, and is enthusiastic in his praise of sundry dusky maidens, and of the two African soldiers who were so faithful to him in all his misfortunes. But of the vast majority, he deems it best that they should be left in native ignorance and degradation, or abandoned to the proselytism of the Mohammedans, who force themselves into the country from the east and north, and who, by miscegenation with the natives, have sensibly affected both their color and physical peculiarities. In the Nubian Dongolowee, of Moslem faith and special adaptation to the climate, he sees the exclusive instrument of future regeneration, under Egyptian leadership.

Without doubt, Islam is of great moral and material service to the untutored Africans. It leads them out of fetishism into monotheism—out of abject dependence on variable human aid to abiding faith in a written revelation, and thus prepares the way for Christianity, under whose benign power the deserts of Africa will yet "rejoice and blossom as the rose," while her sons realize possibilities of noble manhood of which Roberts, Burns, and Blyden are striking modern illustrations. If we do not misread providential facts, Liberia and Sierra Leone have a glorious mission to accomplish in leading all Ethiopia to the feet of Jesus, and in filling her hands—long stretched out to God—with the bread of life.

Col. Long has been for several years an officer in the Egyptian army, is an ardent admirer of the Khedive, and while engaged in the work of exploration was chief of staff to Gordon Pasha, governor-general of the equatorial provinces.

* Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People, by Col. C. Long. New York: Harper Bros.

THE TRUE GOSPEL MINISTER—
"A MAN OF ONE BOOK."

II.

BY REV. S. CULVER.

He needs to be "a man of one book" on account of his pastoral work, as well as his duties as a citizen and as a Christian.

Is he the pastor of "the flock of Christ"? Would he comfort the afflicted? How gently soothing the "exceeding great and precious promises of the Word, when rightly selected and applied! Would he turn men from darkness to light? The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. Would he seek to reconcile men to the dispensations of Providence? "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether; more to be desired are they than gold; yes, than fine gold; sweeter than the honey or the honey-comb. Moreover, by them is Thy servant warned, and in keeping of them is great reward." Would he reprove the erring? "A word fitly spoken," from the Word of God, "is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Is he wrongly assailed? "A

soft answer turneth away wrath." Is he a citizen of the commonwealth? The Bible teaches him how to be a true and loyal subject; "to obey magistrates;" "to be a quiet and peaceable citizen; to maintain good government;" and if an enlightened conscience sees that there are laws forbidden of God, it gives high examples of obedience to God, rather than to man.

The Word of God will be of great utility to him in his aggressive warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

In this warfare the weapons must not be "carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." The more familiar he becomes with these Bible weapons, the more successful will he be in "putting to flight the armies of the aliens." Is he tempted of the devil? It is no marvel, for "Christ was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin." It is enough that his servant should, in this regard, be as his Lord. His weapons of defense are in the divine Word. He is tempted to distrust, to presumption, or to worldliness? His great Exemplar has taught him how to meet each assault. Christ did not stop to reason with His subtle foe; but upon each attack He drew the sword—"the Word of the Spirit"—the Word of God—and repulsed the enemy with what was "written," till Satan left him. So may His ministers become "conquerors and more than conquerors through Him who loves them."

And still more than this: If he is "a man of one book," it will be to him a matter of great practical use in prayer. That he must be a man of prayer none will question. He must be much in prayer, for himself, for his people, and for all mankind. He has his own personal needs to present before the mercy-seat; also the varied needs of the poor, of the widow and fatherless, the weak and the tempted, the sick and the dying of his flock. His mind needs to be richly stored with Scripture promises adapted to each case—promises which "are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, to the glory of God the Father." Thank God, they are offered him abundantly in His precious Word! He must also "pray for all men"—for saints and sinners, for rich and poor, for bond and free, for his country, for rulers and ruled, and for the world at large. In order to present properly each case before the mercy-seat, the "Word should be dwelling in him richly in all wisdom," and his God can abundantly supply him from the rich treasures of His Word.

Finally: The rich provisions of grace found in the exceeding great and precious promises of God's Word, if treasured up in the memory of the true minister of Christ, and experimentally and practically tested, will become to him an unfailing support and comfort when physical infirmities disqualify him for active ministerial service in the vineyard of the Lord, and eventually carry him "through the valley of the shadow of death" to his eternal reward in heaven.

What a pleasing retrospective view had Paul, as he looked over his past Christian and ministerial life, and could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." And what a blessed consciousness of present acceptance, which enabled him to declare, "The time of my departure is at hand!" But "I am ready," all ready, "to be offered"—even ready for martyrdom. And before him was a most glorious prospect, which enabled him to say, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day; and not to me only, but to all them, also, who love His appearing." And how unspeakably consoling must be the language of the Psalmist to the true gospel minister on the bed of languishing and of death, as, also, to all other trusting souls, who can exclaim, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou art anointed my head with oil. My cup runneth over." Thus, taking the Lord as His all-supplying Shepherd, he lies down on his bed of languishing "in green pastures" of love, and drinks large draughts of comfort from "the still waters" of life. He feels the holy anointings of grace from heaven; his cup of joy overflows; and he can walk, not only into, but through, the low vale of death to the glorious immortality beyond the grave without fear; for the divine Shepherd is with him, and he is safe from all harm. Would each gospel minister as joyfully finish his course in the ministry he has received of the Lord Jesus? Then must he be "a man of one book," and a man of one work.

REPLY TO QUESTIONS.

MR. EDITOR: While the "metaphysicians" are getting ready to reply to the questions propounded to them by "Altheia" in the HERALD of Aug. 16, perhaps you may find room for a few words from another quarter.

1. "Can any mind, even that of the Infinite, know a nonentity?" Algebra says, "Yes," for zero is an algebraic quantity.
2. "Is not anything which has not yet taken place a nonentity?" Yes, and so is everything that has taken place. Properly speaking, only that which exists is now taking place. Past and future events are now non-existent.
3. "Can God foreknow events?" Yes. See the Bible *passim*.
4. "Is the human will of such a nature that it may be reckoned a constant factor?" No.

5. "Is there any foreknowledge of individual human actions, as foreknowledge is popularly understood?" The last phrase makes this question too vague for anybody to answer.

FIDES.

CONFERENCE OF THE UNITED
METHODIST FREE CHURCHES.

BY MACGOWAN.

This youngest branch of Methodism holds its Conference each year at the time the Wesleyan Conference is held. This year Rev. Wm. Griffith was nominated and elected for the chair of Assembly, but declined to accept the honor. Mr. Griffith was the youngest of the able and distinguished trio who were expelled from the Wesleyan Conference in 1849, and out of whose expulsion the United Free Churches were resolved. The result of a second election for the presidency was the selection of Rev. A. Holliday for the position.

This, in common with all the other Methodist bodies, was able to report a large increase in its membership for the year, and is healthy and prosperous in all its departments of operation and work. Death touched its ministry but thinly, for only four had been called away during the year. Seven passed out of active service into the rank of the supernumerary. But there are not wanting young men of gifts, piety and promise to fill up the vacancies thus occasioned. Instead of the fathers are the children.

All Methodist ministers must observe celibacy for four years. During their probation they must not marry without a special dispensation from the powers that be. Hence some very excellent and eloquent young ministers are lost to Methodism because they will not wait. A motion was brought before the Conference to relax this rule, and to allow probationers to marry.

The missionary secretary presented his report, which contained the following showing: The income of the home missions for the year was £11,898, being an increase of £287. The income of the foreign missions was £25,899, being an increase of £287. The income of the home is double that of the foreign fund. Well, charity begins at home, and Christian charity is essentially the highest and purest kind. To say that heathenism has no existence in England would be to aver what daily facts stubbornly gainsay. Gross and stolid brutality and ignorance prevail among the lowest classes to an appalling degree. Why, about a dozen wife murders and hangings for the same are reported during the present week; and each murder was associated with the most savage cruelty. Let the Gospel by all means be sent abroad to those who are sitting in darkness, but let not the heathen at home be overlooked.

The Theological Institute at Manchester is doing a good work. The tutor, Rev. T. Hacking, is a good theologian. A block of houses has been purchased at a cost of £2,400, and these are to be changed into a college edifice. The United Free Churches have not a D. D. among their ministers. They have an M. A.

The following address was sent to the presidents of the Wesleyan, Methodist New Connexion, Primitive Methodist, and Bible Christian Conferences: "The annual Assembly of the United Methodist Free Churches now meeting at Louth, send our cordial and fraternal greetings to you, and hereby express our joy at the success which has attended your ministrations, and for the steady growth of Methodism in the country, and pray that the Head of the Church may favor your Connexion with a larger measure of spiritual power and increased usefulness." Before it was agreed to forward this address, there was a warm, animated and long discussion; but those who were opposed to it were defeated by a large majority. When it reached the Wesleyan Conference, a reply was agreed to be sent, without any debate and as a matter of course. It was not considered of sufficient importance to produce even a pause in the order of business longer than it was being read. And the Conference of Free Churches would have appeared to more advantage if the message had not been preceded by any discussion.

A recommendation was presented to the Conference that another test of membership than class-meeting should be recommended by the Assembly to the circuits of the Connexion. Rev. W. Reed and J. Myers moved and seconded the recommendation, but the Conference considered it quite unnecessary to raise the question, each circuit being left at liberty to settle its own terms of membership. When Christian life is strong, healthy and warm, class-meetings will not be adjudged inconvenient, but will be eagerly attended as helpful and refreshing.
August 11, 1877.

THE NEW BIRTH.

It is still a serious question with many intelligent people, whether a child of God ever forfeits his sonship. On the one side is the supposed analogy of the subject, and the promise of God; on the other the fact that many apparently genuine Christians do backslide. The remark is still quite common, that if a convert loses his interest in religion, he never had any interest to lose. Let us look first at the analogy of the subject. The term "new birth" is, of course, a figure of rhetoric, in which the fact of natural birth is applied to the beginning of the Christian life, or

that change in human experience by which a soul is "turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," or "delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of His dear Son."

It is a law of figurative language that a figure must not be pressed unduly in the application. While it bears in some points, it does not follow that "go on four legs." Now, in Scripture a "son" is one who is like his father. A "son of thunder" or a "son of consolation" is one who is either bold and aggressive on the one hand, or mild and persuasive on the other. A son of God is one who is like God. A son of Satan is one who is like Satan. Now, how clear it must be to every thoughtful mind, that a "son of thunder" might become a "son of consolation," and vice versa; though a child experiencing natural birth could not be unborn. A man might be like God one day, and like Satan the next, and thus, so far as the analogy goes, keep on alternating from bad to good, and from good to bad, interminably. So far, then, as the figure of speech is concerned, it does not prove the absolute safety of the child of God, but the contrary. If it were otherwise—if once a child, always a child—then no child of Satan could ever be anything else than a child of Satan.

But it is often said, "God will never suffer one of His children to be lost." True. "None can pluck them out of my Father's hand." Who are those that God thus securely keeps? Not backsliders, but children. Who is it that He neither leaves nor forsakes? Not enemies, but friends; not those whom He finds on Satan's ground, with Satan's image and superscription stamped upon them, but those who bear the image of the heavenly. The promise of God is not to sinners and unfaithful, but to saints and faithful. God does not keep us because we were saved, but because we are saved. "Kept by the power of God, through faith."

This brings us to the question of the condition of the new birth. Is it one act of faith, or is it a continuous faith? One act of faith brings its blessing, and that blessing may be the new birth; but when the faith ceases, the fruit will cease. The law of cause and effect is as absolute here as in physics; so that the old notion that one act of faith introduces us into a state which continues after the act of faith which produced it, has ceased, is a fallacy. Faith being an act of the will, we can conceive of a person's believing one moment and disbelieving the next, or trusting now, and failing to trust then. Since then, it is only when we trust that we are in a saved state; it is only when we trust that we are born from above. Distrust disconnects the soul from God—the fountain of spiritual life. We may be very good people after a sort, without continuous faith, but we are not Christians. In seeking what is called "the higher life," would not many be assisted in their search, if they could be impressed that it is a continuous faith or trust that they need? What they want, or need, is to live at their best estate all the time. There are supreme moments in every Christian life which need to be electrolyzed. This can be accomplished by a continuous faith. Nothing in the world is so destructive as a wavering faith. It is, indeed, the only destructive thing. Unbelief is the only unpardonable sin. There is no other. God cannot pardon persistent unbelief. There is nothing in the economy of salvation that He is willing to receive in lieu of faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please Him."

Our Book Table.

THE MAGAZINES.

Harper's for September is again the earliest visitor of the monthlies, with a table of contents filled with a score and four varied and most interesting articles, touching upon every topic of possible interest to its readers. Some of the engravings, of which there are nearly one hundred, are very fine, equaling any we have ever seen in a periodical. Mrs. Helen S. Conant's entertaining article on the Domestic and Artistic Life of Titian is perhaps the *pièce de résistance* of the number. We name two of the best specimens of the engraver's skill—Christ and the Tribute Money and the Portrait of Titian. The Landing of the Ship throws a poetic haze around one phase of labor in the great metropolis. Vermont's Centennial receives timely attention in the paper on General Stark and the Battle of Bennington. Those interested in education will find Mr. Scudder's Group of Classical Schools, and Miss Brackett's Large Schools versus Small, just to their taste. The tourist can go to Prince Edward Island with Mr. Benjamin, climb Mt. Shaster in a snow storm with John Muir, or make a Visit to the Country House with Miss Howells, and see what will come of it. Scientists are well supplied with Dr. Draper's paper concerning Thermometers. Dr. Bacon and Edward Howard furnish articles appropriate to the present labor crisis. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

The Popular Science Monthly gives a portrait and brief sketch of Prof. Simon Newcomb, whose studies in mathematical astronomy have won for him the highest rank among modern astronomers. In the opening paper Herbert Spencer gives the conclusion to his chapters on The Domestic Relations—an article which should have the widest circulation. Odd Forms among Fishes, by the late Prof. Tenny, is full of curious interest. An illustrated paper on Drops is an interesting study in a new direction. The Observations of Italy, Civilization and Morals; Does it Take Time to Think? Instinct and Intelligence; Science and War; and the Labor Question, are all topics of such importance that full treatment of each is expected and found in this valuable journal. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Lippincott's two illustrated papers for September are, Among the Kabyles, by Edward C. Bruce, and A Paduan Holiday, by Charlotte Adams—both well written, and

the latter full of pleasing vivacity. The engravings are fine specimens of pure line wood-cuts, showing little, if any, of the (to us) objectionable cross-hatching, often made use of to lighten the lighter portions of the illustrations in some magazines. An anonymous article on Madame Patterson-Bonaparte, contains much that is of interest in reference to that unfortunate lady, and is very spicy and entertaining. Mr. Howard M. Jenkins furnishes a continuation of the Battle of Brandywine, with topographical descriptions and other particulars gathered by a close investigation; an amusing sketch is given of a Venetian play writer, Carlo Gozzi, and a short paper on Our Blackbirds. The Marquis of Lonsie is concluded, and Chaps. VI-X of Mrs. Davis' new serial, A Law unto Herself, are given. Other short stories, poems (the best, a song from Heine), and miscellaneous matter complete this attractive number.

Scraper for September contains ninety-eight illustrations accompanying eight papers, the very titles of which give promise of their varied and interesting contents: "The Immigrant Progress"—from the village inn in the old country to the prairie farm in the new; "The Fan," a historical and descriptive paper; "The Land of the Arabian Nights;" "Old Streets and Houses of England," with anecdotes; "An Island of the Sea;" "A delightful description of Fort George Island, Florida; 'Wally's' Cisterns as a Source of Water-Supply," showing how they can be protected against fouling—a very valuable and timely article; Mrs. Herrick's studies of "Microscopical Corals;" an advanced and fine chapter of "Nicholas Maturin;" which will close next month. Other papers are, "A Russian Funeral," by Eugene Schuyler; "Hints on the Use and Care of the Eyes," by Dr. Burnett, the oculist; and a paper on "College Instruction," giving interesting comparisons of the courses of study in leading American colleges.

St. Nicholas for September is brimful of youthfulness and spirit. The reading matter is of the best quality, and many of the illustrations are drawn and engraved in a peculiarly effective style. "Young Folks' Fun in Central Park," shows outsiders how little Yorkers enjoy themselves; George Macdonald furnishes the first half of a charming story of Scottish shepherd life; "Drummer Fritz and his Exploits," is full of fun and jolly silhouette illustrations; Prof. Proctor tells the secrets of the "Dipper," and the appearance of the stars for the month; "Peter's Rabbit-Hunt" is a humorous story of a Russian peasant; and "Little School-marm" gives a capital commo-sens talk on school-luncheons, which comes just in time.

REVIEWS.

The *Edinburgh Review*, in The Russians in Asia Minor, endorses the present attitude of reserve on the part of England, and names, as her most effective move, if she has to go to war, the occupation of the Thracian Chersonese, and the independent acquisition of Egypt. A capital historical article on Venice Defended describes its foundations, its fresh-water supplies, its commerce, courage, constitution, and diverse arts of self-defence and grandeur. The North Country Naturalist is one of those delightful articles that occur like fertile oases in the desert of miscellaneous reading, embowered in which the tollowed, jaded traveler renews his strength and drinks his fill of enjoyment. The first pages of this paper are devoted to a review of a collection of tales on Sporting in the Highlands, but the close quotes freely from that most entrancing of books, Life of a Scotch Naturalist—Thomas Edward, by Samuel Smiles. The scholarly survey of Copernicus in Italy traces the progress of the Copernican ideas, closing with one of the grandest and most moving tributes to the character and genius of Copernicus, translated from the Italian of Giordano Bruno, who was burned at the stake at Rome in 1600, for his defense of the Copernican system. The Life and Correspondence of Kleber tells of a more honest, single-minded and unselfish soldier and statesman than can be found in the roll of Napoleon's more favored generals. The scholar's article is on the subject of the Sibylline Books in their bearing on the early Christian evidences. These volumes charge plagiarism and fraud against the author of the Iliad. The English scholar will interest Shakespearean students, inasmuch as it is a description of England in his youth. The whole number is full of variety and interest.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The world is wide—these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are all."

Lord Houghton.

Our Book Table.

THE MAGAZINES.

Harper's for September is again the earliest visitor of the monthlies, with a table of contents filled with a score and four varied and most interesting articles, touching upon every topic of possible interest to its readers. Some of the engravings, of which there are nearly one hundred, are very fine, equaling any we have ever seen in a periodical. Mrs. Helen S. Conant's entertaining article on the Domestic and Artistic Life of Titian is perhaps the *pièce de résistance* of the number. We name two of the best specimens of the engraver's skill—Christ and the Tribute Money and the Portrait of Titian. The Landing of the Ship throws a poetic haze around one phase of labor in the great metropolis. Vermont's Centennial receives timely attention in the paper on General Stark and the Battle of Bennington. Those interested in education will find Mr. Scudder's Group of Classical Schools, and Miss Brackett's Large Schools versus Small, just to their taste. The tourist can go to Prince Edward Island with Mr. Benjamin, climb Mt. Shaster in a snow storm with John Muir, or make a Visit to the Country House with Miss Howells, and see what will come of it. Scientists are well supplied with Dr. Draper's paper concerning Thermometers. Dr. Bacon and Edward Howard furnish articles appropriate to the present labor crisis. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

The Popular Science Monthly gives a portrait and brief sketch of Prof. Simon Newcomb, whose studies in mathematical astronomy have won for him the highest rank among modern astronomers. In the opening paper Herbert Spencer gives the conclusion to his chapters on The Domestic Relations—an article which should have the widest circulation. Odd Forms among Fishes, by the late Prof. Tenny, is full of curious interest. An illustrated paper on Drops is an interesting study in a new direction. The Observations of Italy, Civilization and Morals; Does it Take Time to Think? Instinct and Intelligence; Science and War; and the Labor Question, are all topics of such importance that full treatment of each is expected and found in this valuable journal. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

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The Christian World.

MISSIONARY ITEMS.

[From our Mission Rooms.]

We regret to learn by the latest mails from India of the extreme illness of Rev. Henry Jackson, of the India Conference. He has been an untiring missionary; speaks the Hindustani language with fluency and elegance, and has done efficient service in the school, the bazar, and the pulpit, where he is equally at home whether teaching and preaching in the vernacular of that country or of his own. We hope to hear better tidings of his health soon.

THE HOUSE FOR THE SICK, CALLED

BETHESDA.

When Brother Flocken was compelled to take his family away from the advancing armies at Rostchuk, they went up the Danube to Pesh in Hungary. This is now the very best point from which to watch for the first openings for return to his work in Bulgaria. Our people will be interested in the following account given by him of the place of his stay:

"The house for the sick, called Bethesda, in which we are stopping here at Budapest, was founded ten years ago in connection with the German Reformed Church, of which Rev. R. Viewling (formerly at Constantinople) is pastor, and Rev. Mr. Bindele assistant pastor. The management of the house is in the hands of three deaconesses from Kaiserswerth. Among the ten free beds for various nationalities, the endowment price of which is 3,000 florins each, is also one for Americans, for which, however, till now there are only 123 1-2 florins collected. The number of patients during the past year was 290, who, according to their creeds, were divided as follows: Roman Catholic, 207; Protestants, 68; Jews, 10; Greek Catholics, 5; total, 290. Regular religious services are kept by the pastor and assistant, and the family prayers, mornings and evenings, by the deaconesses.

"The house is in every respect a Bethesda, is situated in a nice garden near the city fere, and is only about twenty minutes' ride by horse-cars from any of the principal hotels. Should any American traveler have the misfortune on his way to, or from, the East to get sick on the Danube between the Iron Gate and Vienna, I am free to say that he could get no better medical attention and nursing, and will nowhere be more readily received than at Bethesda in the Stadtwaldchen of Budapest."

WINNEPESAUKEE CAMP-MEETING.

The camp-meeting at this charming mountain and lake-side retreat has come and gone, and left behind it many precious memories. The weather was faultless, the crowd the largest ever present, the management all that could be desired, the preaching plain and practical, and the interest deep and wide-spread.

The opening service was conducted by Rev. H. D. Copp, of Lisbon, whose subject was, "Camp-meetings." Tuesday morning Rev. A. C. Hardy, of Fisherville, preached upon the "Divine Presence;" in the afternoon Rev. N. M. D. Granger, of Littleton, upon the "Present Necessity of Salvation." Mrs. Jenkins, wife of Rev. G. J. Jenkins, Presiding Elder of Claremont District, assisted by Rev. J. E. Robins, of Plymouth, spoke upon the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Wednesday was the great day of the meeting, owing to the announcement of the President's visit. The spacious auditorium was densely packed. As the presidential party ascended the preacher's stand, the congregation rose and sang, "Hold the Fort." Rev. J. W. Adams, Presiding Elder of the Concord District, addressed the President as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: In behalf of the Winnepesaukee Camp-meeting Association and the 45 Churches of Concord District, I have the honor, and the very great pleasure, to welcome you and your distinguished party to our annual feast of tabernacles. I hope you will find our people as agreeable as this scenery is beautiful. The Methodist number in this New Hampshire Conference, 12,515, and in the 84 Conferences of this country, 1,613,500, which is an increase of 581,376 during the past ten years. For many years we have built, on an average, more than one church for every working day.

You, sir, and the "better half" even of a president, will rejoice in these evidences of our success. Our faith is simple, liberal, evangelical. We do not believe in rebellion, either against the government of heaven or the government of the United States. We do believe in a thorough spiritual and political reconstruction. We believe in God as the Ruler of the universe, and in you as the chief magistrate of the nation; and the more cordially welcome you because you are the President, not of a party, nor of a section, but of the whole nation.

We believe in the Bible and in "the constitution as it is." We believe in the common-school system, with a Bible in it. We believe in the Sabbath, and rejoice in a President who observes it. We believe in temperance, and are glad to-day to greet a President who has given the great weight of his distinguished example against wine-bibbing. We believe in a true and unaffected republican simplicity, and welcome, with open arms, a President who every Sabbath, in arm with his Christian wife, and on foot, goes to the "little church round the corner."

Mr. President: We are very glad you have come to see us, and we are glad that your excellent railroad superintendent, Mr. Dodge, who is a compound of Congregationalist and camp-meeting Methodist, has brought you to us so safely. In conclusion, Mr. President, we wish you a long life, and a beneficent administration. We wish you and yours, grace, mercy and peace, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Not to detain you longer, allow me to introduce you to our people, who will be glad to see your face, to hear your

voice, and to grasp you by the hand. And through you we would also introduce the members of your cabinet, and the other members of the presidential party.

A brief address was delivered by the President and several of the distinguished visitors before departing. Rev. C. W. Dockrill, of East Haverhill, preached upon the "Great Salvation;" in the afternoon Rev. J. M. Buckley, of Stamford, Conn., preached upon the "Love of God;" in the evening Rev. Mr. Prescott, of Warren, preached upon the "Gospel Invitation;" Thursday morning Rev. Mr. Keeler, of Suncook, preached upon "Almost Persuaded;" Rev. N. T. Whitaker, of Chelsea, preached in the afternoon upon the "Value of the Soul;" Rev. S. E. Quimby, of Tilton, in the evening, upon "Belief in God;" Friday morning the annual love-feast was held, followed by a sermon by Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, of Manchester, upon "This is not our rest;" Rev. L. E. Gordon, of Fisherville, preached in the afternoon, upon "Christ lifted up;" in the evening Rev. Mr. Crowley, of Landaff, preached, Saturday morning, the meeting closed with the old-time social hand-shaking.

Many improvements have been made since last year. The following societies have erected chapels: Concord, \$650; Plymouth, \$500; Warren, \$400; North Haverhill, \$250; East Tilton, \$100; Taftonboro, \$150. The following persons have erected cottages: J. K. Hordford, Nashua, \$400; Geo. W. Brown, Lake Village, \$200; W. W. Brown, East Tilton, \$300; Geo. W. Weeks, Concord, \$200; David Blaisdell, Laconia, \$150; J. Q. Merrill, Lake Village, \$400; Mrs. Gray, Lake Village, \$200; E. P. Brown, Nashua, \$250.

Besides these L. R. Weeks has erected a commodious hotel called the Lakeside House, capable of accommodating fifty boarders. The following parties have purchased lots, and will probably erect cottages during the coming year: C. S. Brooks, Boston, Mass.; Chase Whitcomb, Concord; Mr. Sanborn, Concord; H. T. Hawkins, Meredith; Rev. W. E. Bennett, Great Falls; C. W. Dockrill, East Haverhill; D. N. Kemp, Tilton; S. M. Frye, Manchester; Henry S. George, Plymouth; Laura W. Stevens, Lake Village; Mr. Paul Oils, of Nashua, has purchased fifty acres of land near the camp-ground for a summer residence. The camp-ground was improved greatly by the volunteer labor of about one hundred men from the various Churches represented, early in the season. A water reservoir is to be erected, with pipes to every house and cottage, and provided with hydrants and hose for protection from fire. During the season a dozen excursions, aggregating about 2,500 persons, have visited the grounds.

The temperance camp-meeting for the State, with unusual attractions, including John B. Gough, Gen. John L. Swift, Hon. Mr. Blair, ex-Governor Cheney and Smyth, Gen. Nat. Head, and many others, will be held here, Sept. 4-7, under the direction of John W. Drew, of Concord. A great time is anticipated.

JAY BENSON.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Tablet estimates the Catholic immigration to New York during the past thirty years at 2,800,000.

The number of home missionaries in the employ of the Presbyterian Church last year was 997. Of these, 709 labored in the States west of the Alleghany mountains, leaving 228 missionaries for the territory in the East.

The Baptist Church at St. Paul, Minn., has recently received a gift of \$20,000 for the removal of their church debt. The house cost, including site, \$113,500.

Rev. Benjamin Labaree, the well-known American missionary in Persia, reports that a great revival has swept through the Churches there, such as has never before been known since missionaries were sent to that country. The work has been conducted principally by the native preachers.

The Moravian society for the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen held its annual meeting at Bethlehem, Penn., on August 30.

The late W. L. J. Kiderlen, of Philadelphia, bequeathed \$60,000 in bonds to the Protestant Episcopal Hospital of that city, \$5,000 to the American Bible Society of New York, and \$5,000 to the American Tract Society of New York, under the condition that the interest arising therefrom a colporteur shall be constantly kept in the field.

A board of revisers have already held twenty-five sessions over the Kaffir Bible. Wichita, Kansas, has a very flourishing Presbyterian Church, numbering some 160 members. They have just finished a beautiful little brick house of worship, costing about \$4,500.

Princeton Seminary has now 81 scholarships, enough to give aid to two-thirds of the students on its catalogue. The property belonging to the seminary is valued at \$901,516.75, of which the real estate, buildings, etc., at Princeton, is rated at \$274,000. Its professors receive a salary of \$3,000 and a house when the professor has a family.

The board of publication of the Reformed Church, which is under considerable embarrassment, has concluded to put its affairs into the hands of a receiver.

The Irish Presbyterian Church has a mission in India, which during the last three years has numbered about 400 conversions, or as many as during the thirty previous years. Its field embraces six principal and six branch stations, at which ten European missionaries are laboring. There are more than 1,700 scholars in the mission schools.

Prof. W. A. Stevens, of Denison University, Ohio, is to take the chair of New Testament exegesis in Rochester Theological Seminary at the opening of the fall session. He is a man of broad and very accurate scholarship, and for eleven years past has been professor of Greek in Denison University.

A Reformed Episcopal University has been organized in Chicago, with a "board of regents" consisting of Bishop Cheney, president, William Aldrich, treasurer, Dr. Cooper, secretary, and Col. J. W. Bennett, fiscal manager. The theological department has been christened "The Martin College of Theology of the University of the West."

The following faculty of this college was elected: Chair of systematic theology and exegesis and dean of the faculty, Rev. William H. Cooper, Chicago; chair of exegetical, biblical, and pastoral history, J. Howard Smith, Newark, N. J.; chair of ecclesiastical history and polity, Mason Gallagher, Paterson, N. J.; chair of apologetics, evidence, and natural and revealed religion, Joseph D. Wilson, Peoria, Ill.; chair of mental and moral philosophy and rhetoric, Rev. W. J. Hunter, of Victoria College, Cobourg, Canada. Dr. Cheney was elected chancellor, and Bishop Fallows vice-chancellor of the new university.

INDUSTRIAL AND ART ITEMS.

During the past year 40,000,000 cartridges were produced in Germany; the number of photographers employed was 3,000, and the quantity of nitrate of silver used was about 9,000 pounds.

The total number of postage stamps of all kinds and denominations, stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers issued by the Post-Office Department during the fiscal year ending June 30th, was 1,060,353,909, the value of which was \$26,525,836.47.

Gustave Doré has returned to Paris from his usual vacation in London, and is preparing for the Exhibition next year a colossal vase, to be ornamented with one hundred and fifty figures. He has lately been engaged in illustrating Ariosto.

The first caisson of the Poughkeepsie bridge is now resting upon a firm foundation one hundred and ten feet below high-water mark, and the concrete to support the masonry is being placed in it. A large force of men is at work, and granite abutments on two caissons will be built twenty feet above high-water mark before ice opens.

Eight thousand five hundred people comprise the regular staff in the royal china factory at Meissen, Saxony. When the china has been examined by the superintendent, and he considers it perfect, he affixes the well-known crossed swords before the last baking. Every bit with the slightest imperfection is marked imperfect, and sold for less than half price either at the factory or more frequently at a small shop in Dresden, which goes by the name of "the rejected shop." This mark of imperfection is simply a small white line drawn through the crossed swords. The factory is admirably managed, and the hands well cared for.

The United States minister to Greece, in a communication to the Department of State, reports that important discoveries of interesting and valuable ornaments have recently been made in some ancient tombs near Athens. The appearance and decorations of more than 2,000 objects thus far recovered exactly resemble those discovered by Dr. Schliemann, at Mycenae, conclusively proving the antiquity of the latter; for among the ornaments discovered are some which are pronounced as undoubtedly of Assyrian origin. The new discoveries are mostly of glass and ivory, and the tombs have evidently been entered in the past, and despoiled of their solid gold ornaments. Much interest has been excited among the various archaeological societies at Athens by these discoveries.

TRAMPS AGAIN.

BY REV. E. C. BERRY.

The subject of tramps has been pretty thoroughly discussed, yet the tramps in this part of the country are tramping still, and they have tramped until they have wearied our people beyond endurance. If they were rats, or vermin, we could soon exterminate them by the use of a little quicklime and Indian meal. But they have the form of men, and also their cunning. Hence, when they cannot prosecute their plans to success in one direction, they will change their tactics, and pursue another.

They have thus far within the past year appeared in three different characters. First, they came as beggars clothed with rags, soliciting their bread and clothes from door to door, and were not put to the blush, if accused to insinuate in plain English that a little money with the other good things would be acceptable. They followed out this plan until their revenues became small. Then, like chameleons, they changed to a different hue, and next came out as temperance lecturers, attempting to fill their pockets by plying an art that they knew nothing about. They urged themselves upon the people, until they became so thoroughly disgusted with all lecturers that they would not go to hear them at all; and many, supposing that this was a sample of the work in general, said they desired to have nothing more to do with the cause.

The third character is now on the stage of action. The play is that of coming—whether you say yes or no—and pushing themselves into the homes of the people, who have as much as they can do to support themselves, and who plainly hint that such is the

case. They assume another hue—that of brass—and they cannot comprehend what your meaning is. Now I presume when Dr. Jasper wrote his article on tramps, which was criticised so sharply, that he had grown weary with this legion of unprincipled men; and he is not alone, for the plague is upon us.

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE WORK IN YARMOUTH, N. S.

MR. EDITOR: While the great temperance reform is progressing with such rapid strides in your great country, it may be interesting to some of your readers to know that a great wave of revival has been sweeping over our town. One of our leading Christian workers, while on a visit to Wilmington, Delaware, last spring, attended some temperance meetings which were then in progress, conducted by George M. Dutcher, a reformed man of Worcester, Mass. He was so favorably impressed with the man as a temperance revivalist, that he invited him to Yarmouth. Brother Dutcher came, and commenced his labors here on Thursday, Aug. 2. He won our hearts from the first, and soon obtained the hearty co-operation of all the temperance workers, including nearly all the clergy of the town. Under God's blessing he has succeeded in awakening an interest surpassing anything we have ever witnessed. The largest building in town became too small to accommodate the crowds that flocked to the meetings, so that on several occasions an overflow meeting was held in the room of the Y. M. C. A.

On Sunday afternoon an open-air meeting was held, when it was estimated that not less than 2,500 persons were present. The utmost decorum was observed, and the presence of God was powerfully realized. A mammoth temperance picnic was held on the following Wednesday, and although the day was very unfavorable, 3,500 persons were on the grounds enjoying the festivities of the occasion. In two weeks from the time the meetings commenced 3,000 persons had signed the pledge; and among these were some of the most wretched victims of drink in our town.

Like the so-called "Murphy movement" in Philadelphia, it is thoroughly religious in its character, and it is upon this our hopes of its permanency are based. Brother Dutcher depends for success, not upon his great ability as a speaker, though in this he is by no means deficient, but upon the accompanying power of the Holy Spirit. Being "a brand plucked from the burning" himself, he draws thrilling illustrations from his own experience. His addresses are all interesting, but some of them are the most touching and powerful we ever listened to. He left for Boston on Saturday last, followed by the earnest prayers of hundreds; and when he returns in October, as we hope he may, he will receive a most enthusiastic reception. May God greatly bless him!

JOHN M. PIKE.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1877.

As we close our columns for the week, the streets are alive with the "coming generation." With browner faces, from their country and seaside vacations, in the trimmest and cleanest of dresses and jackets, filling the streets with their pleasant murmur of voices or ringing shouts, the happy troops of girls and boys, with their armfuls of rather wascom-looking books, are marching to the schools. Health and success to the little men and women! It will be dull business for a day or two, and then you will settle bravely and happily down to honest work! Rich are your opportunities; but little, however, will be accomplished until you see, little people, all this yourselves, and study for the love of it and for the "hope that is set before you." It is a good thing for the people to look upon this tramp of the men and women of to-morrow to their halls of learning. Wholesome enough is it while our schools continue to wear their Christian badges, and are under a moral atmosphere, and of great promise to the State, for rich and poor, Saxon and Celt, black, olive, brown and white, thus to mingle together in their susceptible days, and out of many to grow into one—a homogeneous people. May God preserve our public-school system pure and efficient!

The vacation recreation is over. Let us now enter upon God's work with the same promptness and alacrity that we resume our secular business. There have been significant evidences, at the great grove and seaside meetings, and even in the large boarding houses, that the religious fervor of last winter and spring has not been exhausted. Some of the daily prayer-meetings in the city have been continued through the heated term. Now around the altars in our sanctuaries, let us consecrate ourselves to holy services, and what our hands find to do, do with our might. It is an excellent moment to volunteer to take a class in the Sabbath-school; it would be even better to collect a class from the non-attendants and bring them into the school. Make the class and social meetings scenes and seasons of rich interest by regular attendance and lively and spiritual exercises. The field is already white for the harvest, and only waits, under the divine blessing, the coming of the faithful reaper. Let us not forget the abandoned. The Master came to seek and to save that which was lost. There will be a special occasion this fall and winter to seek out and aid the poor; and above all, remember the children, to nurture them in the grace and discipline of the Gospel.

"A friend"—we trust a Methodist—sent a remonstrance to the *Congregationalist* for conveying the impression that the "illumination" on the Saturday evening preceding camp-meeting week at Martha's Vineyard was gotten up and participated in by brethren representing the Methodist and Baptist denominations. Crowds came in steamers to the island, and lingered upon the shores during the Sabbath. The *Congregationalist* thought, and properly, that the festival protracted into the late evening was a poor preparation for the Sabbath. We did not notice so particularly the immediate connection, asserted in the article, between the religious denominations specified and the "feast of lanterns," as we did the refrain with which, now, three successive articles in the *Congregationalist*, of the same character, have been closed: to wit, that the Methodists are the responsible parties for all this breach of the proprieties and sanctities of holy time. In justification of this particularly charitable and often iterated intimation, it is directly stated, in the article from which we have quoted, that "everybody knows that the Oak Bluffs corporation was welcomed by the camp-meeting association, and that its development of watering-place life in the vicinity has, to say the least, not been frowned on by the earlier body." So far from this being the case, the camp-meeting association looked upon the speculative purchase of the Oak Bluffs as a grievous calamity, from which an ineffectual effort was made to defend the "earlier body" by a previous effort to buy the property. And so anxious were the worship-loving Methodists to keep out the possible worldly influences of the new regime, that they, foolishly enough, built a high fence between the two settlements (which is still standing), and for a time closed the gate to their premises on the Sabbath. The cottages upon Oak Bluffs, however, were soon largely occupied, as they are now also, by excellent Congregational communicants from Worcester, Hart-

ford, etc.; and among them have always been present leading ministers of this denomination. As the Sabbath-breaking era—the period of yachts, of Sound steamboats, and of shore-line railroad trains—commenced with the establishment of this outer village, it is, "to say the least," barely possible that the skirts of our Congregational saints may not be absolutely clear from this charge of indirect responsibility in the Sabbath-breaking. It certainly seems to lack ingenueness in our *confreres* to refer to the Monday evening "grand illumination" on Clinton Avenue, within the camp-meeting grounds, as of the same moral character as that of the Oak Bluffs on Saturday evening, which it had severely censured. Certainly, it was not the illumination that laid the festivity open to criticism, but the close relation to the Sabbath; it was the commencing the Sabbath on Saturday eve—a breach of the old Puritan habit, and, singularly enough, it occurred among the ecclesiastical descendants of the Pilgrims themselves. The *Congregationalist*, we cannot think, accounts it wicked to hang up Chinese lanterns about our gardens and houses on week-day nights. If it does, it will certainly not affirm that the Methodists were the first to establish this custom. Oriental sinners were in advance of them in this "worldly pastime."

We are free to say that, in our closely-populated neighborhoods, and with all our abounding religious privileges, there is no need of the grove-meeting simply as a means of grace. It had its occasion in days of limited denominational, if not religious, privileges; and was, at once, an opportunity for peculiar spiritual refreshment, and for very successful evangelical efforts. Hundreds were converted while thus drawn aside from worldly and vicious associations, who have since been successful ministers and pillars in the Church of Christ. While we were passing through our terms at Middletown, a young man of a fine family in Boston, not a Methodist, who had been very dissolute and intemperate but was happily converted at one of the early camp-meetings on Martha's Vineyard, graduated with honor at Yale College, and became a well-known, very popular and useful Congregational clergyman. Such incidents as these, while not rare, are common in our day, are much more rare, and the whole character of the gathering in the forest sanctuaries has changed. But there was a need for cheap, summer, vacation homes. The grove-meetings suggested such opportunities. They providentially gathered around these established annual meetings. It is certainly better that there should be religious services in connection with them, than that they be given over entirely to idle and unprofitable recreation. When these watering places become thoroughly secularized and somewhat demoralized, devout men will withdraw from them. The special camp-meeting idea will, perhaps, gradually fade out, and the services will be determined by the necessities of the various summer communities. This will probably be the case around our cities and large towns. In the rural districts, however, the old, simple and fervent habits of devotion at these meetings still prevail. Our laboring farmers and mechanics, wives as well as husbands, find in them a needed vacation and rest. Soul and body are refreshed by them, and scores of young people and mature men and women every year commence, during these protracted religious services, a new and divine life. It is not the camp-meeting that has occasioned the lack of respect for the sanctity of the Sabbath, but the irreverent tide of the hour has burst into the enclosures of these consecrated grounds, as it has flooded even our Puritan cities and towns. There is a strong presumption in our minds that it is the Devil and not the Methodists or Baptists, that is at the bottom of the bad business. Who should yield?

We read with sincere sorrow, and hearty sympathy for a deeply-bereaved family, of the quite sudden death of Rev. Thomas J. Mumford, the able editor of the *Christian Register*. He falls in the full maturity of his intellectual powers, only a little more than 51 years of age. Mr. Mumford was a man of excellent spirit, genial in temper, endearing himself by constant acts of thoughtful kindness to all that came within the circle of his friendship. He won from our pastors in Rochester their hearty respect and love; both himself and his now greatly-afflicted wife often mingling in their public services. A Unitarian Christian from conviction, the latter term, with him, ever received the strongest emphasis. He had little personal accord with those whose liberalism dismissed Christ out of their faith, and warmly affiliated in Christian sympathy with many of his brethren of the evangelical Churches. As an editor he had a remarkable skill in seizing and condensing the thoughts and incidents of the week. His column of editorial comments was unsurpassed by the work of any of the editorial fraternity. Short, bright, apt, sometimes keen, and occasionally, though rarely, having a sharp sting in them, these comprehensive notes found often a wide circulation through the press. We were very widely separated from each other in our theological views and interpretations of Scripture, but we were drawn to our brother editor in our personal intercourse by the irresistible force of his Christian temper. We may not speak here of our appreciation of this loss to our sadly-afflicted friend who so suddenly finds himself alone in life at a moment when his common enjoyment never was richer; but prayerfully commend her "to God and the word of His grace," whence alone can be found adequate support and consolation in an hour of such utter earthly desolation.

Brigham Young has nothing associated with his name to give his decease public prominence, save the wicked pre-eminence which his polygamous teachings and practices have given him, and the singular power which he has shown in gathering to his im-

pure faith such a body of people, and holding them in his grasp against the law of the land, in the heart of a Christian republic, and in this nineteenth century of our Lord. It has been, for years, the shame of the land that this moral pest has been permitted to fester within its bounds. Adultery, murder, blasphemy and resistance to civil law have enjoyed an immunity for a generation that can hardly be accounted for, especially since our population has swept over and beyond the scene of their illegal and criminal transaction; since the railway has opened them up to the light and abhorrence of the whole country; and since statesmen and honest citizens have visited and seen with their own eyes the enormities in constant practice in Utah. But the great, clear-headed, vigorous, unprincipled chief is now dead. The first Mormon leader, Joseph Smith, was simply a foolish impostor. Young added to the ridiculous system, which hundreds of ignorant, misguided people had heartily accepted, after they had been consolidated into a united body by cruel persecution and had founded a State for themselves in the then desolate and barren wilds of Salt Lake, his sensual and criminal features. Whether his son, whom he anointed to be his successor, will be permitted to take up the autocratic power which his paterfamilias has dropped, or whether the wretched body will be divided and broken up, remains to be seen. But about this fact there should be no uncertainty: All the legal measures within the province of the general government should be taken, at once, to abate this great moral nuisance, and to put a stop, as far as practicable, to the delusion which is every year bringing an immigration of thousands into a condition of semi-bondage and into a moral wretchedness that hardly has a parallel in the civilized world.

In making a good minister, Luther used to say, in his pithy fashion, that temptation was as important as prayer or reading. The remark is equally applicable to all believers. In the economy of our earthly existence, temptation is no accident; it is the bitter tonic, chosen by the Great Physician, in dealing with human depravity. Temptation comes in the train of sin, and will remain ill death is swallowed up in final victory. To men like ourselves, encompassed with infirmities, it has an ill and a hard look. We do not like it; and yet its endurance with faith and patience never fails to be an accession of grace and strength. The martyrs and saints went up through great tribulation, and it is the will of God that all His people should inherit glory through similar trials.

THE S. S. PARLIAMENT.

The Sunday-school is exhausting the English language with its multifarious literature and multiplied services. We have S. S. conventions, conferences, concerts, congresses, and finally parliaments. On one of the marvelous Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence—the name, doubtless, suggested by its gathering upon the border land of the Queen's dominions in America—the second Sunday-school Parliament has just been held.

Either the great leaders of the modern Sunday-school movement are awake to all the providential suggestions of the hour, or the equally intelligent Christian men of business clearly apprehend the significance of the present remarkable movement throughout the land, of economizing and sanctifying the usual summer vacation by securing delightful, wholesome and quiet natural scenery, and, in connection with moderate expenses of boarding, instituting successive series of religious services. The Sunday-school leaders have followed the example of those that had already established summer towns in connection with a camp-meeting. The two pre-ceminently successful experiments of this description are, the great forerunner in the field, under the ablest and most popular Sunday-school director in the land, Dr. Vincent, at Chautauque; and the newer, but not less promising, nor in any wise a competitor, but coadjutor, at Wellesley Island on the St. Lawrence.

The former of these has become almost a university, with its amazing facilities of instruction, and its various schools of professional study. It is so largely attended that it can afford the most generous outlays, and command the talent of both America and England. It is in some danger of falling by its own weight. Only men of peculiar genius and great organizing and executive force can manage its numerous and delicate interests. What would become of it without Dr. Vincent? It may overtake the possibilities of even sanctified human nature to endure, in the sweltering heat of the dog-days, and the reaction of a long period of previous labor on the part of its visitors, by such a succession of elaborate discourses and essays, and such an unremitting repetition of professional lectures. It is, however, thus far, gathers, delights and profits thousands with its charming lake, its forest homes, its music, its multifarious exhibitions, and its abundant literary provisions. Seven thousand persons, on one day, paid for entrance tickets at its main gateway.

But the Parliament, from which we have just returned, suffers little in comparison, in its literary and professional ability, under the vigorous management of our New England Sunday-school professor, Rev. W. F. Crafts, and his equally accomplished wife. Externally it has many far greater attractions. The wonderful islands of the St. Lawrence (not one thousand only, but three), stretching from near its exit from Lake Ontario some twenty or thirty miles down the mighty stream, of all shapes—some, little islets with two or three trees, and some of thousands of acres covered with beautiful green forests; some bare and pic-

turesque rocks, and some perfect Edens in loveliness—have long been celebrated in song and story. We had supposed the Atlantic coast, from Calais to Cape May, enjoyed a certain peculiarity as to varied summer residences, and speculative properties in raw lands for country homes; but these islands are all devoted to, or held for, summer resorts. Villas owned by wealthy merchants and ladies of New York, fishing-club houses, places for camping out, are everywhere to be seen upon these river islands. As our little steamer rushed up to Alexandria Bay from Ogdensburg, row-boats would put out from the islands, where tents and rough cabins could be seen, with quaintly-dressed ladies and happy children around them, to secure the mail brought up from the latter town. The fishing is very fine. Our next neighbor at the excellent boarding table of the Parliament treated us, on Sunday, to a portion of a pickled weighing twelve pounds, which he had caught the day before. At the fine hotel at Alexandria Bay—one of the largest descriptions, and luxuriously appointed—Dr. Holland made his headquarters, while his wife, who was enjoying the surrounding waters, so vividly described in the last Scribner.

The proprietors of the S. S. Parliament property—a scheme which was born in the fertile brain of a Methodist minister, Rev. J. F. Dayan—at the head of whom is Chancellor E. O. Haven, of Syracuse University, have secured one of the finest sites for such an enterprise among all the islands. They hold nearly a thousand acres, almost entirely covered with a thrifty, young, hard-wood grove. It is upon the shore of the river, some six or eight feet above the water, a beautiful plain, with such an outlook as one rarely sees. The river in front looks like a lake, with the town of Clayton in sight upon the American shore, some six miles distant, while the eye sweeps down the stream until the vision of beauty is only bounded by the horizon.

The association has, with unusual wisdom, avoided, at the first, the crowding of the grounds by the contiguity of the cottages and tents. A very large open space of green turf is preserved in front, and the small houses and canvas homes are snugly laid in the distant grove, or line, with good spaces between, the beautiful shore of the St. Lawrence.

Everything is now simple, with little affectation of town style in buildings, furniture, or personal appearance. There are, however, a number of even elegant villas already constructed. The association makes ample provision for reasonable board for individuals or families. They have good offices, postal accommodations and stores. They are generous in outlays for the pleasure, as well as profit, of their visitors; music from bands, on the park and on the water, good lecturers, and, what is not the least important, uncommonly excellent food at the boarding-house, for such gatherings. There is always a good breeze from the water, and the greensward prevents the torturing dust usually experienced at such great gatherings. The audience circle is covered by an immense pavilion, like that at the Vineyard, and a smaller grove, uncovered, is seated in the park around which are the association's offices.

The great feature of these gatherings is the international mingling of Canadians and Americans. The Cross of Old England and the Stars of the United States wave in loving folds over the dining-hall. The leading ministers and laymen of the Dominion furnish a fair share, both of speakers and of the fine audiences that gather at the Tabernacle. Our correspondent will hereafter speak of some of the public exercises and platform men. We shall not soon forget our delightful acquaintance with Rev. John Potts, of Toronto, or with Rev. T. B. Stephenson, of London, England (who is now visiting this country and was provisionally present at the Parliament, speaking several times with great ability, and singing with peculiar effect). After a sermon on Sunday by Mr. Potts, and an exhortation, such as was most grateful to hear, for its earnestness and spiritual power, from Mr. Stephenson, several persons presented themselves for prayer, and seemed to grasp the grace of the Gospel before they retired. Rev. Joseph Cook had just gone as we reached Wellesley Island, having left behind a profound impression upon the great audiences that gathered to hear him. Dr. Abbott, the able managing editor of the *Christian Union*, had also delivered very valuable lectures upon the principles of civil polity disclosed in the Pentateuch, which were highly appreciated. Rev. Mr. Parsons, of our city, gave a number of well-rehearsed and impressive Bible readings and lectures. On Sabbath the whole scene was as quiet as a country village. No steamboat was permitted to land at the Parliament dock. The summer population, of over two thousand visitors, attended the multiplied public services, and preserved the Sabbath rest and sanctity in their movements throughout the day.

Excursions, daily, for sailing around the islands; or for fishing, were undertaken. In one direction you can reach Niagara; in the other, down the rapids, Montreal, Quebec and the ocean. The place is easy of access, through Vermont to Ogdensburg and Alexandria Bay by the Albany road, or through New York, to Utica, Rome and Clayton. The latter is shorter and cheaper. By way of North Conway, the Notch, Montpelier and St. Albans, with tickets back by the St. Lawrence and Montreal, a fine route, a little more expensive, is

secured. Altogether it forms a magnificent trip, with much physical, intellectual and spiritual profit added to it.

SHALL WE PREACH BIBLICAL ESCHATOLOGY?

Not an unimportant question this. The founder and fathers of Methodism preached biblical eschatology in the most unquestioning and uncompromising manner. They never doubted what our Lord and the inspired writers have revealed of the intermediate state between death and the resurrection, of the second advent, the general resurrection, the final judgment, of heaven, of hell, and of the eternity of both. Their words were mighty to move the masses, to turn them from sin to holiness, from the power of Satan unto God.

The very masses with whom they were so successful, are numbered by millions now. As then, they are largely sensual, unthinking, impulsive, and reckless of consequences. They arrest the transit of passengers and the operations of commerce; burn up the instruments of civilization and the accumulated values of industry; wildly despoil themselves, and unjustly force starvation upon their fellows; resist the constituted authorities, and fill the streets of our chief cities with violence and bloodshed. Nor are the superior classes of much higher intellectual and moral character. Merchants, manufacturers and railroad managers, in most instances, look only at the present, and care chiefly for the things that perish in the using. Employers and employed fail to observe the workings of moral law—to adjust themselves to those supreme forces that irresistibly inflict pain and loss upon wrong-doers, and that necessarily enrich the righteous with abundance of peace. They do not "see clearly how a right or wrong act generates consequences, internal and external, that go on branching out more widely as years progress," and that the sequences of right and wrong are everlasting.

The instruction that connects the future with the present, that vividly presents woe or temporal and eternal, as the outgrowth of free moral action, and that impressively insists on the unescapable subjection of humanity to God's sovereign government, is just what the times demand, and just what the Scriptures require. We neither have reached nor shall reach that "stage of evolution" where such instruction can be dispensed with. "Even now," writes Herbert Spencer, "for the great mass of men, unable through lack of culture to trace out with due clearness those good and bad consequences which conduct brings round through the established order of the unknowable, it is needful that there should be vividly depicted future torments and future joys—pains and pleasures of a definite kind, produced in a manner direct and simple enough to be clearly imagined." "Indeed, were it not that throughout the progress of the race, men's experiences of the effects of conduct have been slowly generalized into principles; were it not that these principles have been from generation to generation insisted on by parents, upheld by public opinion, sanctified by religion, and enforced by threats of eternal damnation for disobedience; were it not that under these potent influences, habits have been modified, and the feelings proper to them made innate; were it not, in short, that we have been rendered in a considerable degree organically moral, it is certain that disastrous results would ensue from the removal of those strong and distinct motives which the current belief supplies." Men will not be quite ready for his "substituted creed"—his ideal faith—he continues, "until through the continuance of a discipline which has already partially moulded them to the conditions of social existence, they are completely moulded to those conditions."

On this point the philosopher and the orthodox preacher are, in the main, agreed. They differ, however, wholly in their estimate of the current belief. To the former it is only a phase of evolution. To the Christian it is the body of unchangeable truth. The first would teach it as a matter of expediency, if not of necessity; the latter to the commonality as essential to the welfare of all people, both here and hereafter.

Biblical eschatology supplies proper and powerful motives to free moral changes, such as repentance towards God, faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, and earnest effort to attain holiness. Appeals to "unselfish sympathy" and "pure love of rectitude" are fruitless of reformatory effects, because that to which they are addressed has no existence in sinful human nature. It is the implanted product of divine grace. It is the sequel of which moral reformation is the antecedent. But appeals to knowledge of right, to sense of duty, to inborn abhorrence of pain, and desire for happiness, are directed to what does exist in every man. They are suited to his nature. They are efficacious, under God, in awakening sorrow for sin and desire for righteousness. They lead him to humble supplication for Divine mercy, trust in the sin-atoning Saviour, and to the blessed experience of justification before God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ—a faith that works by love, and fulfills all righteousness.

The truthful preaching of biblical eschatology, with its affiliated doctrines, has had more to do with the physiological organization of morality than all other external causes combined. There is always something of truth in widely-received systems of error. The Bible itself is an infallible guide—could we properly understand its teachings—in determining what is

truth in the materialistic psychology of Maudsley, Bain, and other scientific writers. The sensations which, through the efferent nerves, leave their *residua* in the ganglionic centres, so altering the adjustment of the cortical cells that a single idea may lead to a long series of associated physical actions outrunning thought in rapidity of occurrence, as in the case of automatic piano-playing—may also, when originating in biblical eschatology and its affiliations, so alter the constitution of the nervous system, as to predispose it to religion and morality. What make more powerful impressions on the nervous centres than graphic and forcible representations of resurrection, judgment, heaven, hell? What more energetically thrill and stir to the depths the whole psychical nature? When the joys of heaven are depicted as the rewards of righteousness, what more powerfully incline the hearer to righteousness? When the torments of the unquenchable flame are shown to be kindled by probationary wickedness, what more powerfully deter from wickedness? What, better than these teachings, defended by Spencer, and decided by irrational optimists, organize a physical morality, or tendency to morality? What doctrines of the known principles of heredity more profoundly affect for good the generations yet unborn? Inspired orthodoxy needs not to be ashamed of its own contents, when the known facts of nature compel opponents to contribute to its defense.

To the question propounded at the outset, but one answer is possible, and that is, an affirmative one. French the doctrine of the last things, together with all their divinely revealed relations, fully, solemnly, lovingly, in demonstration of the Spirit and in power. Then the Pentecostal effusions attending Peter's preaching, Luther's, Wesley's, and Whitefield's preaching, will attend the ministrations of modern preachers, and multitudes, now, as then, be translated from the kingdom of darkness into that of God's dear Son.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The issue of the war now waging in the East is yet as doubtful as it was on the day when the Russians crossed the Pruth, and with "light hearts," as the French started for the Rhine, entered Roumania on their march toward Constantinople. They pushed on through Roumania to the Danube with celerity, encountering no enemy, and surrounded by well-wishers. On the banks of this mighty river they halted long, delayed partly by the fullness of the stream and partly by the preparations necessary for prosecuting the advance through the country of the enemy. At last a force was thrown across the Danube at two or three points simultaneously, and a foothold was gained in Bulgaria. Then the armies poured across in large numbers, encountering less opposition than was expected, and surmounting what they did encounter with an ease which surprised all who watched the conflict. Encouraged, they rapidly pushed on to the Balkans, flung a strong force through, seized three important passes, left almost defenseless, threatened Adrianople, and it seemed for a few days as if the grand prize of courage and strategy—possession of the famed city in the Bosphorus—would be quickly won, and the war ended.

But war is a mighty uncertain game. Suddenly the Turk was aroused to the desperation of the crisis. The commanders who had unsuccessfully defended the Bulgarian frontier and failed to prevent the enemy from raiding through the province almost at will, were dismissed, and new commanders were substituted. There was a wonderful energizing of the whole Turkish policy. Soon the Russians were defeated in the important battle of Plevna, which gave a check to their career, and taught them that there was yet to be serious work before they could count themselves successful. Their armies were confronted and harassed; they were unable to advance without reinforcements, and reinforcements had to come. The force that had crowded through the mountain passes was pressed back, two of the passes recaptured, and at the time we write an obstinate and bloody struggle has been going on for days, being yet undecided, to dislodge the Russians from the Shipka Pass and drive them all back into Roumania. Should this be accomplished, a concentration of Turkish forces would place the unreinforced Russians in that province in a critical position, and might force them to retreat even across the Danube; in which case it could not but be generally conceded that the czar's first campaign had been a failure.

In Asia Minor the turn in the tide of victory has not been less remarkable. At the beginning the Russians, advancing through Armenia, carried all before them. In a brief time and with less fighting than was anticipated, they were before the fortifications of Kars, and began a siege. This siege they have been compelled to raise, and have been pressed back on their line of march toward the Russian frontier from which they came with losses which made it necessary for their armies here, as well as in Europe, to be reinforced. Thus along the whole line the Russians have lately experienced serious reverses, and their hopes of making the war short and decisive are blasted. Few now anticipate that it will be ended this season, and if it is, Russia will not be able to dictate the terms of peace as she hoped to do. "The sick man," as Turkey has long been called, has shown unexpected vitality, and cannot be overmastered as easily as many thought.

There were many who said, as soon as the war was definitely determined upon, that now the Turk would be driven from Europe; but up to this time, although fighting the desperate battle unaided by other European nations, he has shown a power of resistance which makes the question of his fate at least doubtful.

Up to the present time the other European nations have kept out of the quarrel, although their deep interest in it is shown in many ways, England, Austria, and Greece manifesting most concern. While the czar's legions were rapidly pressing forward, the excitement in England was intense, and the government showed every disposition to join in the fray if it became certain that the Turk could not keep his antagonist at bay. To be sure, the liberal party, really led by Mr. Gladstone, and which there is reason to believe would be found to be constituted of the majority of the English people, on this issue was strenuously contending against the war spirit actuating Disraeli's policy. Before the adjournment of Parliament, however, the popular sentiment had made itself so distinctly manifest, that the government was very ready to allow it to be understood that the neutrality would be preserved. No party in England is anxious for war, but the government which holds itself responsible for keeping secure and unendangered England's communications with her eastern empire, feared the results of a Russian occupation of Constantinople. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, contends that Russian success would not imperil England's power in the least; that the Turk in Europe is an offense which it is on every account desirable to remove; and that Russia is justly entitled to a commercial and naval outlet by way of the straits of Marmora and the Mediterranean. Greece hates the Turks, with the best of reasons. She has felt their cruel and remorseless power, and the Greek people are eager to assist in any undertaking likely to cripple the tyrannical spirit of the Porte. The destruction of the Ottoman empire in Europe would cause universal joy in the classic peninsula. Austria is a territory and a government without the natural coherence of a nation. A large part of her subject population is Slavic, and she trembles to see Russia acquiring influence and power in the regions about the lower Danube. The latest report is, that the Servian principality has joined the Russian cause, as Roumania had done before. Fortunately it now seems far less probable than it ever did, that the principal European nations would become involved in the contest. It is sufficiently destructive and horrible while there are but two parties to it. But it is yet too soon to feel certain that it will not extend. The conditions are such that an unexpected development may kindle a tremendous conflict, the end and results of which no human sagacity can determine beforehand.

Since the Russians crossed the Danube, all news-rending countries have been filled with accounts of the most barbarous atrocities. Gen. Sherman, during our civil war, in response to some protest or other against the destructive tendencies of the Union armies, said, in his epigrammatic way: "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it." So it is under all circumstances, but our war—prison-horror and all—was a considerable and merciful war in comparison with that now waging in Eastern Europe between nations which are at best scarcely more than half-civilized, and which have in their armies on either side hordes of savages nearly as rapacious and merciless as the wild Indians of the Rocky Mountains. We still shudder as we remember the story of the horrible lust and torture of which the Bulgarian Christians were the victims, and the Turkish irregular troops the perpetrators, before the war began. Our American scholar, traveler, and diplomat, Eugene Schuyler, was among the first to reveal their sickening details and enormity. The report did much to arouse in England a hatred and contempt of the Turk, which makes it more difficult to persuade the nation to take their part under any conditions. For the past month the English press has been burdened with another story of cruelties not less terrible and exasperating than the former, but the conditions are reversed; now it is the poor Bulgarian Mohammedans who are the victims, while the offenders are the Cossacks of the Russian army, and it is alleged, the Bulgarian Christians themselves. The stories are of scores and hundreds of men, women, and children burned to death in the captured towns; of women and maidens made victims of every beastly lust, and then murdered in the cruelest manner; and of the slaughter and deliberate starvation of children too young to be dangerous in any way or to either party.

We suspect that something—and perhaps much—must be discounted from the whole mass of reports, for the reason that the Turk's capacity for lying, stimulated by his desire to have his own crimes forgotten in the contemplation of others, and also by his interest in securing, if possible, the sympathy and aid of the English, is equal to exaggeration and misrepresentation of the grosser kind. But unfortunately there is too much testimony of a higher quality to the wrongs done, to permit us to believe it is all a *canard*. We suspect the truth to be, that the Bulgarians who bear the Christian name are not incapable of gratifying a cruel revenge, and that the Cossacks and other semi-barbarous contingents of the Russian army scorn the discipline that forbids them to riot in the woe of conquered enemies. In time we shall know better the real merits of the case; but it is vain to expect that either side will be able to clear its skirts of deeds which are infamous in the eyes of truly civilized and Christian peoples.

Editorial Items.

The North American Review for September and October is out, and is welcomed, under the new régime, by its growing circle of readers, with something of the eager relish that the lighter class of magazine patrons await the fresh issues of their favorite periodicals. Indeed, the last two numbers take on somewhat of a sensational character. The bitter, reckless, and partisan, but vigorous and specific onslaughts on Judge Black, in the former, upon the Congressional electoral commission and the Republican administration, awakened a special interest and no little astonishment throughout the country, especially from the fact of its having found a place in so respectable a periodical. And the present issue will be no less eagerly sought after in order to read and enjoy the trenchant and convincing response of Mr. Stoughton, one of the counsel for the Commission. Mr. Stoughton "carries the war into Africa," and exhibits the position and counsel of Judge Black, when Attorney General in President Buchanan's cabinet, in no enviable light, as interpreted by previous and succeeding events. He also lifts up afresh the curtain of a few years from off the almost forgotten brutalities and bloody murders of hundreds of colored men by organized bands of political assassins, which marked the desperate efforts of portions of southern whites in the Gulf States to break down, by hideous terrorism, the colored Republican majorities. The angry Judge has not aided the Democratic probabilities for the next presidential election, in thus boldly challenging the recital of fearful facts that were slowly losing their criminal stain in the memories of our much-forgiving citizens.

But this is only one of several papers of present interest and more than ordinary ability. In this number of the Review, Gen. McClellan, whatever may be the just criticism upon his own conduct as a campaigner, has long been acknowledged as a superior military critic of the movements of other leaders and armies. He has a second, very interesting and instructive, article upon the war in the East. Ralph Waldo Emerson gives a characteristic and optimistic paper upon the persistence and power for good of the forces around us. D. A. Wells writes with great force and fullness of illustration upon the necessity of the removal of all restrictions from trade, in order that the national prosperity may be recovered. A very intelligent laboring man gives one of the strongest and most specious arguments we have read in favor of the rights of labor to demand "fair wages," even when capital is paying poor interest; and, on the other side, Thomas A. Scott, the railroad chief, writes more philosophically and with no less personal earnestness upon the "strike." Other papers are only less interesting by comparison, and the literary criticism is well sustained.

We have received a printed copy of a paper read before the New Hampshire Medical Society, last June, by Concord, by H. M. Field, M.D., of Newton, Mass., Professor of Therapeutics, Dartmouth Medical College. It is an able and exhaustive discussion of the therapeutic qualities of Digitalis. Prof. Field clearly shows that the result of more careful modern observation and practice has revealed the fact, that the effect of this drug is exactly the opposite of what it had been supposed to be. It is found to be a stimulant, rather than a depressant, of the heart, and should no longer bear the familiar title of "the opium of the heart." It is a little startling at first to find an authority forced to make such radical corrections in their practice, but it is encouraging to mark how thorough and patient are the investigations made by the leaders of our modern practice. They are silently and surely reading the mysterious laws of our physical being, and patiently seeking to aid nature in her own wonderful struggles to recover herself from the assaults of disease and the unfriendly substances forced upon her. The discussion of the theme is very satisfactory.

The Roman Catholics, the extreme ritualists, and the so-called Liberal Christians, the religious rationalists of our day, though apparently standing at the antipodes, hold many points in common. Both lay stress on the Christian name, and indeed claim to have the only genuine Christianity, while both, in fact, proclaim another Gospel than that of the Evangelists. The one has interpreted out of the Gospel what evangelical believers hold to be its vital truths, as the Trinity, the Atonement, the Deity of our Lord; the other has interpreted into it a mass of things which the spiritual part of the Church regard as "wise" fables or doctrines of devils. Starting from the same point and traveling in opposite directions, these different schools have come around to unevangelical Gospels by the way of interpretation. Both are wrong, but not equally. The Catholic retains the truth, though he buries under a mountain of rubbish; the Liberalist, in his great desire to bury away the dross, has consumed the precious substance of great Christian truths in his crucible of reason.

The September-October number of the International Review contains several timely articles of a high order: Modern Armies and Modes of Warfare, by Prof. Sheldon Amos, showing the size, condition and influence of European armies in time of war and peace; The Communist and the Revolution, by W. M. Groves, one of our most brilliant and reliable statisticians; The Administration of American Cities, advocating reforms of utmost importance to property holders, by Simon Stearns; The Letters of Junius, by Hon. Alexander H. Stevens; The President's Southern Policy, which is clearly and ably defended; Judicial Parliamentarianism: Queen Caroline's Case, by Dr. Francis Wharton; De Quincy's Memoirs, by John H. Ingram; The Late World's Fair—III. The Display, by Prof. F. A. Walker, late chief of the Bureau of Awards. In the department of contemporary literature we find found notices of recent American books written by competent critics on this side of the water, and of English, German and Italian books written by like competent critics residing in London, Berlin and Florence respectively. In the Art department we find Hamerton's elegant letter, full of ray criticism. The notes on current events are judicious and able.

We are very glad to see Gov. Talbot's name coming so prominently into notice in connection with the Republican nomination for Governor of this State. The license system has had the "fair trial" which was asked for it, and has lamentably failed as an instrument for the promotion of the temperance cause. The people have tolerated it thus far, but are anxious for its repeal. There is no other public man in Massachusetts in whom the great body of Christian and temperance voters so thoroughly believe as they do in Thomas Talbot. The Republican party will do wisely for itself, as well as for the State, if, by his nomination, it shall keep the party still a party of moral ideas, and hold these classes of voters.

We have received the annual register of Albion College, Michigan, of which the late lamented Dr. G. B. Jocelyn was president. The institution is well patronized, and has a full and able faculty. Last year it had 185 students in all departments; fifty-one in its collegiate course, and the remainder in the preparatory or special departments. It is a mixed college, both as to its instructors and students, and is accomplishing excellent service for the State and for the Church in the district where it enjoys its chief patronage.

The American Library Journal is invaluable to all persons connected with social or public libraries, and affords instructive and interesting papers upon bibliographical, educational and literary topics. It is published in fine type, with wide margins, making annually a valuable document for binding, by F. Leyboldt, 27 Park Row, N. Y., and is edited by Melville Dewey, 1 Tremont Place, Boston.

In popular belief Satan is accounted a very expert marksman because he has brought down many a soul in his passage through this evil world. But the belief is a false one. The great arch enemy has no expertness in his work. That he succeeds so easily in leading the souls of those against whom he contends. He is never able to take a bird on the wing; his shots are fatal only when the game descends from its native atmosphere to waddle in the fens and canebreaks and along the sluggish streams of this world. Be sure to keep on the wing and you need have no fear of the poisoned arrows of the enemy.

One of the most convenient and satisfactory periodicals for one who desires to keep up with the current literature, and to have a fair and comprehensive judgment upon its merits, is the Literary World. Its monthly columns give an honest and critical estimate of the chief issues of the American press, with announcements of forthcoming works, and reviews and incidents. \$1.50 a year. E. H. Hams & Co., publishers, 1 Somerset St., Boston.

We learn with pleasure that the Greenleaf Academy, at East Greenfield, Re., opened its fall term with the largest number for six or seven years. A large increase of young ladies is reported. The new preceptors, Miss Sarah L. Magee, is popular and enthusiastic in her work. Principal Blakeslee has reason to be cheered with this encouraging outlook.

It is not always safe to copy items without acknowledging their source. The Northern Star, to our error by an item which made Rev. J. McClelland a son-in-law of Abel Stevens. So far as we know he is in no way related to that family, though an estimable gentleman and minister whose sickness will be generally deplored.

We have received an elaborate and finely-printed "circular catalogue" of Warner's Polytechnic and Bryant & Stratton's Business College, at Providence, R. I. It was organized in 1867, has eleven instructors, and is an able and exhaustive discussion of the therapeutic qualities of Digitalis. Prof. Field clearly shows that the result of more careful modern observation and practice has revealed the fact, that the effect of this drug is exactly the opposite of what it had been supposed to be. It is found to be a stimulant, rather than a depressant, of the heart, and should no longer bear the familiar title of "the opium of the heart." It is a little startling at first to find an authority forced to make such radical corrections in their practice, but it is encouraging to mark how thorough and patient are the investigations made by the leaders of our modern practice. They are silently and surely reading the mysterious laws of our physical being, and patiently seeking to aid nature in her own wonderful struggles to recover herself from the assaults of disease and the unfriendly substances forced upon her. The discussion of the theme is very satisfactory.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—The next meeting of the Evangelical Alliance of Boston will be held in the vestry of Tremont Temple, Monday, Sept. 10, at 10 o'clock. An essay will be read by Rev. Dr. Dorchester regarding the Papacy in Boston.

Rev. S. L. Beller, who was ordained last year by the New England Conference, a graduate of the School of Liberal Arts and the Theological School of Boston University, leaves this week for his former Conference, the Ohio Central, at the West, on account of his health. He has been a very successful pastor at Neponset, and has won the respect and warm regard of New England friends, as one of our most able and devoted young ministers.

We have been asked by correspondents in reference to the scientific expedition around the world, to which we have heretofore alluded, and have made such inquiries in reference to it as induce us to say, that we cannot speak of it with entire confidence as to its reliability, and must advise our readers to make the most careful personal examination in reference to it before joining the company.

Wanted, by a young lady, a situation to read to private individuals one or two hours a day in Cambridge or Boston. Address "Reader," Cambridgeport, Mass.

NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—DORCHESTER DISTRICT.—The corner-stone of the new Harrison Square M. E. church on Parkman street was laid with appropriate exercises last week. The services were participated in by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Bashford, Rev. Dr. Sherman, Presiding Elder of the district, Rev. James H. Means (Orthodox), Rev. C. D. Bradley (Unitarian), Rev. Professor Leonard (Universalist), and Rev. Dr. H. E. Ellis, of the Lower Mills Methodist Church. A silver trowel to be used in laying the corner-stone was presented to the pastor.

The Church was organized July 12, 1874, with thirteen members. For four years previous a preaching service had been sustained in Park Street Hall. On May 27, 1876, Rev. J. W. Bashford was sent by the Presiding Elder, on invitation of the society, to supply the pulpit, and from that time forth has been the pastor of the Church. Since 1874 the membership has increased from twenty-three to over ninety, including those on probation, and the attendance is about proportionate. The plans provided for a neat Gothic structure, thirty by fifty-five feet, with a seating capacity of 300 above, and with a basement story for kitchen, Sunday-school and class-rooms, the cost of the building will be about \$3,000. About \$5,000 of this amount has already been subscribed, and it is proposed to raise the balance before the day of dedication.

STERLING CAMP-MEETING.—The twenty-fifth annual gathering at this Methodist rendezvous was held from the 20th to the 28th of August, and was one of the best in spirit, if not in numbers, of the all. Dr. Russell presided, aided by an efficient corps of helpers, at the public prayer-meetings. The preaching was all from the stand, not an instance occurring in which the public assembly was interrupted by storm; and the following officers in this capacity, and in their order: W. Pentecost, S. B. Sweetser, O. W. Adams, V. M. Simons, J. O. Knowles, E. E. Wright, G. S. Chadbourne, J. M. Avann, A. N. Cook, C. B. Pittblado, J. M. Avann, A. N. Cook. The sermons were all unexceptionably good, and were followed by warm and powerful exhortations to the people to give themselves to God's service. Many were at the altar seeking pardon and purity, and numbers were blessed.

The tent services were excellent and well observed as to frequency and spirit, and the preachers' efforts well seconded by their companies. Never, probably, was better order witnessed on a camp-ground than on the occasion to even read or announce any rules whatever, and the decorum of spectators both among old and young was exceedingly noticeable.

The public boarding department, in charge of Brother L. B. Bigelow, with Brother Johnson, as usual, for the caterer, was most admirably managed; and the railroad managers again enticed themselves to the thanks of all concerned for the facilities provided in getting to and from the grounds. We chronicle a commendable thing for the managers, in that they have kept entirely within their income during the year, and have also reduced their indebtedness some what.

REPORTER.

NORTHAMPTON CAMP-MEETING.

The late camp-meeting for Springfield district was the best in many respects ever held on the ground. The old saying, and the fact that it was a good meeting. Yet, for good weather, good numbers, unity and efficiency of efforts—especially among the pastors—directness of preaching, vigor of young people's children, and tent-meetings, we have seldom seen, if ever, a better. The prayer services at the stand, though not so remarkable above other meetings, were yet remarkable and powerful in securing the conversion of a goodly number of souls. It was the most enjoyable of all the meetings under the superintendency of Presiding Elder Whitaker, and to all appearance the most profitable.

The desire of a part of the pastors to be elsewhere during the vacation period, threatened us notable loss, and no doubt produced it, but still the power of God was with His people and they triumphed. The following brethren preached in the order named: Rev. C. A. Merrill, of Holyoke; J. A. Meier, of Conway; B. J. Johnston, of Coleraine; C. P. Rice, of Western University; E. S. Best, of Chelmsford; J. H. Twombly, of Springfield; A. W. Mills, of Southampton; H. Matthews, of Williamstown; S. L. Gray, of Westfield; and D. K. Merrill, of Bond's Village. All did well, and some were exceedingly fine specimens of good camp-meeting preaching.

Tuesday afternoon was devoted to gospel temperance, without the slightest evidence of dissipation of the thought or sympathies of the people. Mr. N. D. Richardson, of the reform club of Hartford, in the narration of his experience and his appeals, produced a deep and effective impression. The prayer circle which followed each preaching service was of more general protracted and victorious influence than on most occasions of our knowledge. The meeting was given up to former refreshing seasons, as was the meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

The old-fashioned hand-shaking and song closed the services about 10 P. M., although tent meetings were continued in some of the tents all night.

MAINE.

Jones.—Rev. W. S. Jones is enjoying a very successful pastorate at Brunswick. A good religious interest prevails in his parish. His congregation upon the Sabbath is large and attentive, and social services are well attended. Mr. N. D. Richardson, recently adopted at the Maine State camp-meeting at Richmond, to be presented to the incoming legislature of Maine, "that since there are those (mostly foreigners) who persist in the liquor traffic notwithstanding the increased penalties enacted by the legislature of 1877, the traffic is now declared by law to be a felony and punished as such." It is believed that this petition will be favorably considered when presented.

A. J. Phelps, esq., has been appointed superintendent of schools in Lewiston. The choice is regarded as an excellent one. Mr. L. A. Stanwood, class of '77, Bowdoin College, has accepted the principalship of the High School at Bangor, Maine. Mr. S. is a fine scholar, and will do honor to the State from whence he goes.

J. R. Henderson, a recent graduate of Colby University, is now supplying the Baptist Church at East Winthrop, with very general acceptance. A young son of Mr. Moses Townsend, of Solon, was run over by a loaded team a few days since and instantly killed.

The freshman class of Bates College now numbers forty, and more are expected. The class will be the largest in the history of the college.

The camp-meeting at East Livermore is to be followed by a temperance camp-meeting, to hold one week. Some of the most distinguished speakers in the State will attend the meeting.

The district camp-meeting at Martha's Grove, Fryeburg, which closed Saturday, Aug. 25th, was followed by a five days' tent service meeting under the leadership of Rev. O. M. Cousins, of Bartlett. Ex-Gov. Perham, J. C. Osmond, the leader of the reform movement in this State, Mrs. Fitzgerald, ex-Mayor Kingsbury, and several other temperance workers were present, pushing the battle against intemperance. Intemperance is quite a factor in the adjoining New Hampshire towns, and it is well that the battle is carried to the gates of the enemy. The meeting has been well attended, and the interest good.

Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., who spends several weeks each season at Biddeford Pool, has interested himself in this cause, and is soliciting a sufficient sum of money to purchase a bell for the little church in which the Methodists and Congregationalists worship. The bell, weighing 33 pounds, was hung Aug. 24th, and Mr. Fairbanks was the first to ring out its merry peal.

The Rockingham Free Baptist quarterly meeting recently held a two days' session at Kittery. Mr. Hayden, former pastor of the Swedenborgian Church, Portland, has received a call to supply the pulpit of a Church in Southport, England.

EAST MAINE.

Bangor.—The first district conference of the Bangor district for the current year was held in Houlton, Aug. 14th and 15th. Rev. A. Prince, Presiding Elder, presided. Owing to the distance from the centre, few of the ministers were present to answer to their assignments. The preaching and social services were seasons of refreshing. The citizens provided generously for the visitors and wished more had come.

The First Church, Bangor, have just completed extensive repairs on their vestries, which were filled Sabbath evening, Aug. 26, with an attentive company. Two were at the altar seeking salvation.

Dr. Stone, of Union Street, is still feeble but hopeful. May the Lord give him speedily the wished word, is the prayer of the Church.

The Unitarian church of this city has been closed for repairs for some weeks, and will be opened next week. Rev. Mr. St. John, a graduate of the Theological Seminary, class '77, was installed pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Seaport, Aug. 28th.

Camp-meetings at Haddon and Northport were well attended, and the power of God was with His people. Many returned to say, "God is good, and His mercy endureth forever."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—The camp-meetings within our Conference are nearly all over, and have met with at least the ordinary success. The annual meeting at Claremont Junction is rapidly growing, and was perhaps never so largely attended as this year. It was in charge of the two Presiding Elders, Revs. Judkins and Beman. It is the only one of our large meetings which is now held over the Sabbath. At the services of the Sabbath, Aug. 26, the seats in the auditorium, accommodating 4,000 persons, were all filled. The preachers of morning and afternoon were Rev. E. R. Wilkins, of Claremont, and Rev. J. W. Hamilton, of Boston. Both sermons were effective. At the Wiers meeting the presence of the presidential party on Wednesday, Aug. 22, drew an immense crowd. Those who heard the address of welcome from Rev. J. W. Adams, speak of it as most admirable. One of the sermons at this meeting was preached by Rev. M. B. Buckler, D. D., and was characterized by his usual ability. More people are, every year, being drawn to this beautiful place, and new private and society houses are going up. Perhaps there were never so many people upon the Epping camp-ground as this year, on Thursday. The weather was perfect, a rain in the night having laid the dust and cooled the air. The vast crowd was addressed in the morning by Rev. Mr. Keeler, of Seabrook, and in the afternoon by Rev. Mr. Hulburd, of Lowell. Both discourses were able and effective.

Rev. L. L. Eastman, who for many years has been a leading member of this Conference, in order, as follows: Friday evening, Dr. E. Wentworth, of Ft. Edward, N. Y., who preached again Sunday morning; Saturday, S. E. Evans, E. F. Smith, D. C. House; Sunday afternoon, N. H. Actell; evening, M. Howard, of N. H. Conference; Monday, G. W. Hunt, of N. H. Conference; Tuesday, J. C. Gowen, G. W. Anderson, L. D. Bentley; Wednesday, J. E. Hawkins, R. Meredith, of Hartford, S. J. Carroll; Thursday, A. J. Church, H. Montgomery, R. Povey.

The altar services were efficiently conducted by Brothers James and Montgomery. Meetings for young people and for children were held daily in charge of Brothers Elia and Hunt respectively, and were largely attended and very profitable to those in whose interest they were held. A well-sustained prayer-meeting was held at half past five o'clock each morning. The Lord's Supper on Thursday morning, led by Brother Bradford, was a precious season. Overflow meetings were held on Wednesday and Thursday at the entrance to the grounds, and good attention was given to the addresses which were made.

The Friday morning prayer-meeting, followed by the old-time hand-shaking, closed the services of the meeting. Boarding, by Messrs. Lyra and Stanton, of Norwich, gave very general satisfaction. Families who boarded themselves were able to procure cooked provisions at very reasonable rates.

The business meetings of the association were short and harmonious. The treasurer's report showed the association to be free from any financial embarrassment. Improvements are being made on the grounds, and new avenues are being laid out from year to year as funds permit, and the demands require. Each year witnesses improvement in the character of tents and buildings erected by societies and individuals. Evidently Williamite camp-meeting has not reached its zenith yet.

WALTER ELIA, Sec'y.

The Williamite camp-meeting auxiliary of the W. F. M. Society met this year at eight A. M., Aug. 22. The singing was more spirited, the members of the society more active, and the interest manifested by every one present greater than we have noticed at any previous meeting.

The resignation of Mrs. James as president was received with deep regret. Her devotion to the mission cause has awakened a holy zeal in the hearts of many Christians, and the interest manifested by every one present greater than we have noticed at any previous meeting.

The remarks of Mrs. E. Culver were received with cordial appreciation. Since she spoke from the death of her husband, her words could not fail to arouse a more poignant conscience. Mrs. Culver gave an address of which the beauty of the language was surpassed by an earnestness of spirit which shone through every sentence. In listening one was led to see with startling distinctness the needs of souls as yet without a Saviour.

We trust that the encouraging degree of interest shown in this camp-meeting auxiliary society is but the beginning of a great work which shall be accomplished by its members in years to come.

M. C. SHEPHERD, Rec. Sec'y.

BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE NOTES.—It was reported that 500,000 copies of the hymn-book had been sold in the United States. The death of Rev. David Hay was announced, and his place in the Legal Hundred was filled by the election of Rev. John Ryan.

It was stated that between 30 and 40 graduates and under-graduates of Cambridge University regularly attended Wesleyan services. The Conference decided to send a letter of fraternal greeting to the M. E. Church, South. At the temperance meeting Rev. Charles Garrett said "that they had opened twenty-five casks of wine in Liverpool. Last week they sold 4,000 gallons of cocoa and tea, and took nearly \$700. At this cask-rooms no less than 3,500 pledges of total abstinence had been taken." The telegraph operator at the Conference sent more than 2,000 messages, some numbering over 100 words and one over 1,000 words.

The conversation on the state of the work of God brought out the fact that there had been a large increase (9,351) in the number of backsliders, and a large number of deaths (5,661). The neglect to spread "Scriptural holiness," "pulpit," "routinism," "mausoleum preaching," careless scrutiny of the qualifications of applicants for membership, neglect of evening meetings, and of the children, superficial study of theology, were some of the points made and commented on.—Conference closed on the 10th ult., with a very impressive address by the president.

CONNECTICUT.

Uncasville.—Our place has been visited with the most terrible flood that has ever been experienced in these parts. The rainfall during Saturday, Aug. 25, was seven and one-half inches, most of which fell between 5 and 6 o'clock P. M., resulting in carrying off six dams, and nearly all the bridges on the stream that supplies power for the mills at Palmerston and Uncasville, both in the town of Montville, Conn., New London county. Throughout the town the damage to bridges and highways is very great. At Palmerston, the Baptist parsonage was flooded, and though not carried away, was considerably damaged. At Uncasville, Sunday, Aug. 26th, the Methodist

minister and a large part of his congregation were separated from their house of worship by swollen torrents. They sat, at five o'clock, beneath the shade trees in the parsonage grounds, where a sermon was preached, and the divine blessing received. The work of repairs has been begun already, though but a few hours have elapsed since the devastation took place, and soon the tide will be running as usual. No lives were lost, though some escaped from their houses through deep waters, in great peril.

WILLAMETTE CAMP-MEETING.

The friends of Methodism met on the Willamette camp-ground for their eighteenth annual festival of tabernacles Friday, Aug. 17. The abundant rains of the previous week had put the ground in its best condition, and for the entire week of the meeting there was no real interruption by rain, or annoyance from dust. So pleasant are the associations connected with this ground, that each year there are more people attending than the previous two to three weeks before the meeting begins; and the number increases annually. This year some sixty families were here, notwithstanding the almost continuous rains of the week preceding the meeting.

Our new Presiding Elder, Rev. J. Mather, made his first meeting for the district, and from the first service all were convinced that his heart was in the work and that he was prepared to lead on the Lord's hosts to victory.

The preaching was to a greater extent than usual by the pastors of the Churches represented, yet it was not felt to be the interest of the meeting suffered thereby. The sermons were quite up to the average in ability, and more than ordinarily well-adapted to the occasion.

Many persons professed conversion; but no effort was made to ascertain the number. The great work of the meeting seemed to be the quickening of the Church and the sanctification of believers. The operations of the Spirit seemed to be deep rather than demonstrative, yet there were several cases of loss of strength, as in the old time.

The preaching, which was all at the stand, was very plain, in order, as follows: Friday evening, Dr. E. Wentworth, of Ft. Edward, N. Y., who preached again Sunday morning; Saturday, S. E. Evans, E. F. Smith, D. C. House; Sunday afternoon, N. H. Actell; evening, M. Howard, of N. H. Conference; Monday, G. W. Hunt, of N. H. Conference; Tuesday, J. C. Gowen, G. W. Anderson, L. D. Bentley; Wednesday, J. E. Hawkins, R. Meredith, of Hartford, S. J. Carroll; Thursday, A. J. Church, H. Montgomery, R. Povey.

The altar services were efficiently conducted by Brothers James and Montgomery. Meetings for young people and for children were held daily in charge of Brothers Elia and Hunt respectively, and were largely attended and very profitable to those in whose interest they were held. A well-sustained prayer-meeting was held at half past five o'clock each morning. The Lord's Supper on Thursday morning, led by Brother Bradford, was a precious season. Overflow meetings were held on Wednesday and Thursday at the entrance to the grounds, and good attention was given to the addresses which were made.

The Friday morning prayer-meeting, followed by the old-time hand-shaking, closed the services of the meeting. Boarding, by Messrs. Lyra and Stanton, of Norwich, gave very general satisfaction. Families who boarded themselves were able to procure cooked provisions at very reasonable rates.

The business meetings of the association were short and harmonious. The treasurer's report showed the association to be free from any financial embarrassment. Improvements are being made on the grounds, and new avenues are being laid out from year to year as funds permit, and the demands require. Each year witnesses improvement in the character of tents and buildings erected by societies and individuals. Evidently Williamite camp-meeting has not reached its zenith yet.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.

Sunday, September 16.

Lesson XII. Acts xix, 17-28.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

POWER OF THE WORD.

The power of the Bible is manifested in its influence upon character—national and individual. It transforms, it regulates, it regenerates men. No other book does such things. Therefore we rightly say the Bible is a divine book. The test of the worth of a machine is—what will it do for men? Will it spin, or grind, or reap, or carry burdens better than human hands can do the same work? then it is a success. The same tests must come sooner or later to every book that is published, to every study, to every science, to every philosophy—what are these worth to the race? It is the "survival of the fittest" over and over again, in all the experiments that are going on in the field of human activity, that is the unchangeable law; and "the fittest" is always the providential, the divinely-ordained, the best. In the wide belt of human history which Christianity has covered, the Bible, with its inspired writ and its accompanying Spirit which breathes into all its ancient truth fresh life, has always been a quick, powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword in its bearing upon human life. It answers the test, and lives. It brings men to repentance and confession. It inspires with its comforts and hopes. It renews the strengthless; it enlightens the unwise; it is life to the dying. Such tests are good to apply frequently to our sermons, our teaching, our influence, our work. What are we doing for our fellow-men? Are we vital? Does our touch, like the touch of our divine Lord, mean health and life to those in contact with us?

This was known to all the Jews and Greeks, etc.—that the "vagrants" who had undertaken to juggle with the name of Jesus had been thoroughly overcome. They had seen the miracles wrought by Paul, and in a blasphemous and defiant spirit mocked the apostle by attempting to cast out devils by the same name. Instead of their casting out the evil spirit the possessed man turned upon the impostors and drove them away wounded.

Fear fell on them all. They saw how Paul's miracles were honored, and how these sacrilegious adventurers were defeated; and a wholesome fear came upon them.

Fear has its place as an element in Christian life. It must not be a ruling element, or the mind away from it becomes servile. No matter how correct the life of a person who is controlled by fear, he has not the freedom of the sons of God. But, fear to violate God's will, fear to offend conscience, is only the obverse side of love, and indicates a healthy moral state.

The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified. The apostle of truth had been blessed, and the ungodly imitators, who had attempted to do his work without his power, were effectually silenced.

Many that believed came and confessed, etc. The sharp discrimination which had been made by the Spirit, against the exorcists, resulted in the conversion of many. They believed and then made confession. This is a part of the process of real conversion. The man who has been a sinner and has seen the blackness of his past life in the light of redemption, is not ashamed, if he be true, to confess his sins.

God is the only true Confessor to whom the soul can go for absolution. The Jewish and the Anglican confessionals are a debasement and corruption of a prerogative which belongs to the divine Saviour alone. No man can forgive sins, therefore no man ought to receive the confessions of the penitent.

Brought their books together—books containing their magical arts, the rules by which they worked. These were burned, as a sign that they had denied all their evil practices. They sacrificed to the flames all evidences of their past misdoing. It is safest and best to cut loose entirely from a sinful past. The mistake of many a young convert is, he clings to associations of business or society that have a sinful flavor; and because he has not burned in the altar flames of his new faith all his idols, they tempt him back to his old idolatry.

They showed their sincerity by casting into the fire the value of about \$5,000.

Mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed. It grew in the hearts and lives of the Ephesians. It prevailed against Ephesian idolatry and witchcraft.

Paul purposed in the spirit, . . . to go to Jerusalem. He planned a tour through Macedonia and Achaia, intending undoubtedly to strengthen the Churches already founded and also to establish others; returning to Jerusalem, which was still the chief city of the Christian Church and its workers, he desired to visit the world's great capital—Rome.

Two of them that ministered to him, Timothy and Erastus whom we have not before known, go as assistants to Paul into Macedonia, to await his coming, after a short visit to Asia.

There arose no small stir about that way—referring to the Christian way, the doctrines of Christ. Again it was true that the unbelievers and haters of the new faith "turned the world upside down," not the apostles and believers.

A silversmith which made silver shrines for Diana—a man who employed workmen in making images of the temple of Diana in silver. He was doing a good business, making money. The hope of his fortune rested on the worship of Diana. He was therefore

jealous of this dear interest. The money interest of men is one of the most sensitive. It is the quick of many a man's life.

Whom he called together with the workmen, etc. He made a trades-union of the silversmiths in Ephesus, and thus sought to incite a certain class of citizens to opposition of the Gospel.

By this craft we have our wealth. Demetrius appealed to their worldly self-interests. He had no lofty sentiments by which to unite these craftsmen into a common opposition. By idolatry they made their living, and therefore idolatry must be defended. This is the argument of the manufacturers and vendors of intoxicating drink: "We earn our bread by this traffic." Better starve than earn a penny by a corrupt trade.

Almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded, etc. Not only in the chief city where Diana was worshiped, but also in the outlying districts and provinces of Asia, the truths of the Gospel were supplanting the errors of idolatry. It was becoming a wide-spread opposition, and the large number of converts already gathered filled the avaricious silversmith with alarm.

Saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands. Paul had fearlessly denounced idolatry, proclaiming God as the only Deity, Creator, Sustainer, Redeemer. His first aim was to set before the heathen an intelligent conception of God.

The temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised. Now Demetrius touches his hearers upon their veneration for the great temple which stood as the centre of their worship as it was of their handicraft. Paul's teaching led men to despise that magnificent temple; for he paid no respect to art and architecture when they were subsidized to paganism.

Whom all Asia and the world worshipped. Demetrius was carried on by the passion of his address into extravagant language, making it appear that the faith of the world was undermined by Paul.

They were full of wrath. His hearers were moved by these appeals, and were full of indignation against the men who were not only taking away their living, but also were overthrowing the worship of the world's great divinity.

Great is Diana of the Ephesians! They shouted praises to their goddess, and so tried to kindle a popular enthusiasm against the worship of the God of the Christian faith, by heralding the magnificence of Diana.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, September 16.

1. What happened to the vagabond Jews?
2. How did the converted magicians give evidence of their sincerity?
3. Trace Paul's course from Ephesus.
4. Who was Demetrius, and what roused him to opposition against Paul?
5. How did he show his shrewdness in appealing to his workmen?
6. What two arguments did he use?
7. Why was the wrath of his hearers excited?

IN GOD'S THOUGHTS.

BY REV. S. CUSHING.

Frail child of man, of the dust and returning to the dust, here but for a moment and then gone forever, you are a subject of the thoughts of Jehovah. He thinks more of us than we do of ourselves. Every beating pulse tells of His care of us; every movement of this mortal machine manifests His watchful, preserving compassion. Every effort of will, exercise of memory; every desire and thought; every movement of the affections, indicate Divine superintendence. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

He thinks more of us than we do of Him. Of how many is it true—"God is not in all their thoughts!" He is forgotten, ignored by them; yet we are not forgotten of Him. We think of ourselves, of our comfort, of our pleasure, of our temporal interests. His thoughts are higher than ours; especially regarding our true interest and highest happiness—our conformity to Him, in making us partakers of His holiness. Having "spared not His only Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?"

What comfort and strength come to the Christian in the assurance, "The Lord thinketh upon me." In the hour of trial it produces fortitude; in every time of perplexity it encourages us to cast our care and burden on Him, knowing that He will sustain us—either remove the burden, or give grace to bear it.

When trying to do anything for the benefit of others, we may do it conscientiously that God notices it and will give it His blessing. Carry with you a constant sense of this truth, and you are ready to pray, ready for every Christian duty, furnished to every good work, having intimate communion with God. Let it be written on your heart. It will preserve you from all evil, and incite you to all holiness.

A sorrowful mother will perhaps do more to regard the love and confidence of her son by avoiding a painful subject than by ceaselessly parading it. It is possible to be very persuasive without strongly, much less violently, opposing a stoutly-cherished purpose. By flourishing a whip in the face of an obstinate horse you may make him back over the precipice from which it is desired to save him.

The Family.

WIDDER GREENE'S LAST WORDS.

"I'm going to die," says the Widow Greene, "I'm going to quit this earthly scene; it ain't no place for me to stay. In such a world as this is to-day. Such work and worry is too much for me; Nobody can't let nobody be."

The girls is founced from top to toe, And dress is the hull that they care to know, And their pull-backs draw their gowns so tight As to make them look like a perfect fright!

Very much like a butter-plate out of their hair. The men, too, is mad on bonds and stocks, Swearin' and drinkin' and pickin' locks, And gettin' up strikes, and doin' their best To prove they are all by the devil possessed!

Why, I'm afraid I'll strike or be hanged myself. If I ain't soon laid on my final shelf! There ain't a cretur but knows to-day I never was lunatic any way;

But since all the crazy folks go free, I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me! There's a-saidin' some folks fur? To say 'How be you?' or ask for a pin, But all the papers will have it in:

We're pleased to say that the Widder Greene

Took dinner, a Tuesday, with Mrs. Keene, Or 'Our worthy friend, Mrs. Greene, has gone. Up to Barkshead's to see her son, Or some pesky 'reporter' will 'interview' And will pump out all that I ever knew, And the next day's paper that makes to hand Will print and send it all over the land!

Great Jerusalem! can't I stir Without a-rasin' some folks fur? Why, there ain't no privacy, so to say, No more than this was the judgment day! And as for our meetin'—I 'almost swear Whenever I put my head in there!

Why, even 'Old Hundred' is spilled and done, Like everything else now under the sun. It used to sound so solemn and slow, 'Praise to the Lord from all below'; But now it goes like a galloping steed, High diddle diddle! now there, now here! No more respect to the Lord above, Than if He was one of 'em, hand and glove With all the bobbies He ever made.

And joined in the line their fiddles woom— Tied up I guess 'twould make folks squirm! For it 'tain't all love, so sickish and sweet, That makes this world or the other complete.

But law! I'm old, I'd better be dead, When the world's all turnin' a-dover my head; Sports a-saidin' like silly folks, Bibles kicked out of the destrict schools; Children that never have learned to obey, Pushing the old folks out of the way; Defalcations on every side, Ruin from luxury, wasting and pride; Wines all livin' to make a dash, Stocks all goin' to taral smash;

Tramps a-roamin' the country through; Half the people with nothin' to do; Crazy creturs a-murderin' round; It's time for me to be under ground! So farewell all; this earthly scene No more'll be pestered by Widder Greene!" —Selected.

NEWS FROM A KNOT-HOLE.

Mrs. Jenkins lived in the other part of Rev. Mr. Capers' house, and thought herself fortunate in the enjoyment of so great a privilege. Most people like to be as near the minister as they can. Mrs. Jenkins did. Her part was merely an L built on the main structure. Her little attic, therefore, was near neighbor to the minister's study. Just in the corner of the minister's study floor was a knot-hole, a trifling sort of thing in itself, but when once found to open into Mrs. Jenkins' attic, of the widest importance in its consequences.

When Mrs. Jenkins finally became aware of so close a connection with the minister's family, she sat down to hold her hands and congratulate herself. Next she formed her resolution not to let any good opportunity slip unimproved to inform herself of matters that otherwise might remain in the dark to her. Day after day, therefore, her ear and that knot-hole renewed their acquaintance with one another. Sometimes she picked up quite a little bunch of news; and sometimes she went down stairs as hungry as ever.

Going up into her little attic one afternoon, she was delighted beyond expression to catch the sound of a voice. It was Mr. Capers in conversation with his wife. Up she climbed, walked tip-toe across the garret-floor, got down on her knees, and put her ear as close to the knot-hole as she could get. She even shut her eyes, lest some of the good things should escape by that way.

For awhile she did not understand anything clearly. Now she heard Mrs. Capers laugh; then Mr. Capers stopped a minute and laughed too. Mr. Capers was telling his wife, who appeared in the greatest glee, of a man who had been saying hard things to his wife. Said he, in the course of his remarks: "Mr. Jones got to abusing his family at last. He declared his wife should not go out visiting, and threatened to shut her up if she dared to disobey him. As for going to those evening meetings he declared he meant to put a stop to it; he had had enough of it. It did not do her any sort of good, and made a great deal of trouble and expense for him. He should put an end to it at any and every hazard!"

"And so do I," but that ain't quite all. He jaws her all the time, abuses her, threatens her, and keeps her in mortal fear of her life! Only to think of it!"

"How did you hear about it? I wonder if folks generally know it. How did you hear about it, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I'd as lief tell you as not. Mrs. Tautog; but then you must promise not to tell anybody else about it."

"Oh, to be sure not! What should I want to be gaddin' about the neighbor-hood for, tellin' hard stories about respectable folks? Who did tell you, though?"

"Nobody told me, exactly; but I happen to know it come, in the first place, from the minister."

"You don't say so!" Mrs. Jenkins nodded in silence.

"Well, I do declare now! Who'd ever a thought of such a thing of Mr. Jones! But I've seemed to take notice, along back, that his wife was a good deal down-hearted and sort of melancholy, like. And that must be the reason; that explains it all."

"Oh, well, no—I do no neither; p'raps it may be new to you, though."

"Why, what is it?" said she, "I dare say 'tis. I'm not in the way of hearing anything till everybody else has picked it clean. What is it, now?"

"Oh, well, nothin' really worth mentionin'. But, then you may as well know as me. It's nothin', though, that I care to have go from me; you know I don't wish to be mixed up in this scrape."

"No, your name shan't be mentioned. But what is it, Mrs. Jenkins? What is it? Do, pray, tell me sudden, for I'm dyin' to know."

"It's no great 'affair, after all, though. Still, it's something. But this is all there is of it: Mr. Jones has got to abusin' his wife most dreadfully; and he declares that if she thinks o' goin' out a visitin', he'll surely shut her up where she can't get out soon."

"Yes, and more than that, he's even gone and forbidden her going to evenin' meetings. What do you think of such a man as that?"

"I think he's a monster!"

"And so do I; but that ain't quite all. He jaws her all the time, abuses her, threatens her, and keeps her in mortal fear of her life! Only to think of it!"

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"Yes," said Mrs. Jenkins, "that's it."

The latter lady did not stay very long after unbosoming herself of her heavy secret, when off posted Mrs. Tautog, armed and equipped for the brave business she had in hand. The first house she dropped into was Mrs. Mallory's.

"Mrs. Mallory," she said, almost as soon as she was seated, "have you heard the news?"

"Why, no," answered the astonished lady. "What is it, pray?"

And forthwith Mrs. Tautog narrated all that Mrs. Jenkins had been kind enough to tell her, and more—saying nothing about the embellishments she laid on in the course of her story.

Mrs. Mallory was astonished, of course. And as soon as her visitor had withdrawn, she dons her bonnet and shawl, and whips across to Mrs. Dinks'. There the story was repeated with variations and considerable additions.

Then Mrs. Dinks took it up. And then Mrs. Murray got interested in it, and then Mrs. Filpot, and so on, till everybody had got hold of it, and had talked it up, and had passed judgment on the man who was guilty of such gross malpractice toward his family. If it had stopped right there, perhaps it would have answered; but it didn't. It spread like a circle in the water, till in the end Mrs. Jones herself heard of it; and heard, of course, that the author of the story was the minister's own self.

The next thing to be done was for Mr. Jones and his family to leave Mr. Capers' Church, and go somewhere else. The clergyman was greatly troubled about it, and sent his wife over to see if she could discover the cause. Mrs. Jones received her with a great deal of coldness, and seemed hardly civil. Unable to endure it any longer, Mrs. Capers asked the aggrieved lady frankly what the trouble was. Mrs. Jones as frankly told her; that was well, for now the latter knew exactly what the matter was, and what it was necessary to do.

Going home and imparting the intelligence to her husband, he manifested quite as much astonishment as she. He sat and thought it over awhile, in order better to collect himself before taking a single step, and then started off direct for Mr. Jones himself. He told Mr. Jones what he had just heard, and declared the whole of it an untruth from beginning to end. Mr. Jones went on with the minutest particulars connected with the affair, and making the most of the case in his power against the minister. Still the latter positively denied the guilt, and declared his determination to ferret out the author of so base a slander, if it was within human possibility. And he hurried back and set about it.

For some weeks it was a mystery still. It perplexed him beyond conception. Finally his wife came running down stairs one day, her face flushed and excited, and said to him, under her unsteady breath:

"Mr. Capers, have you ever noticed that knot-hole in your study floor?"

"Why, no," said he. "Where is it—and what of it?"

"Come up-stairs and see!"

ideas that up to that time had passed out of his mind altogether, he thought the matter was all explained at last. So he went over to Mr. Jones, once more.

"Come," said he, "if you will consent to go home with me for a short time, I think I can explain some things that have hitherto stood in the way of our friendship."

Mr. Jones did not happen to love malice well enough to refuse, and accordingly took a walk with the minister over to his residence. The latter at once took him up into his study and shut the door.

"In the first place," said he, "I suppose you know that Mrs. Jenkins lives in the L."

"Yes."

"Well, and you observe that knot-hole?"

"Oh, certainly."

"And this is my study?"

"Yes."

"Where I pass the most of my time?"

"Yes."

"And where my wife often takes the liberty to come and sit with me?"

Mr. Jones said he understood that.

"Now, then," continued the clergyman, "I am in the habit of frequently reading aloud to her. And once upon a time I happened to be reading from this very book" (picking up a volume of fiction from the table), "and here is something from that same book that I am going to read to you." And he went on to read Mr. Jones several paragraphs, in which occurred the following:—

"Mr. Jones got to abusing his family at last. He declared his wife should not go out visiting, and threatened to shut her up if she dared to disobey him. As for going to those evening meetings, he declared he meant to put a stop to it. It did not do her any sort of good, and made a great deal of trouble and expense for him. He should put an end to it at any and every hazard!"

"Is that all?" said he, his face as red as the setting sun.

"That and the knot-hole," said Mr. Capers, smiling good-naturedly.

Mr. Jones offered him his hand. From that moment they were friends again. He went back to the church the next Sabbath, as he should have done. But Mrs. Jenkins never heard the last of it.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

BY J. H.

Every little helps the Christian; Never say, I do not think Anything I do can cheer him; Reach the cup, then he can drink.

Every little helps the weary; Lead a hand in time of need; 'Tis but little, too, that crushes Flowers grown from tender seed.

Every little helps the erring To regain the narrow path; Oh, to be the means of saving One soul from the coming wrath!

Every little helps the stranger To forget how far removed, 'E'en though ocean's surging billows, Separate from those he loved.

Every little helps us onward Through life's tollsome, weary road; Yes, how little will encourage Tired souls to rest in God!

And a little word of kindness Flits spoken, may by grace Lead some one unto the Saviour,— Start him in the Christian race. *Cliffordville.*

FLOWERS.

BY MRS. S. J. WHEELER.

It is a beautiful custom of the ancient Church which offers to the God of nature the first fruit of the field. When the bland summer days dawn in all their beauty, when the moistening dew and warm sunlight have awakened the broad fields into fruition, the sound of the swinging scythe is heard, while the merry music of the birds keeps time to the hum of busy industry.

With the early season "spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil" with variegated hues. The fresh grass, studded with woodland blossoms, like some royal, jeweled robe, is gathered in, where it is strewn as gorgeous tapestries along the streets, while in different parts of the old city temporary altars are erected at which the imposing ecclesiastical procession shall tarry to invoke divine blessing. The richly-robed bishop, the chanting of priests, the sweet perfume of the incense, the presence of state officials, high in authority, whose gaily-ornamented robes bespeak the significance of their office, the crowds of little children with their floral offerings, each in their way giving sincere expression to their unbounded gratitude for God's returning favors—all this is indeed impressive.

The memory of these seasons has outlived the changeful experiences of the years; but to-day, in this impressive scene, quickened by the spontaneity it represents, animated with that sublime faith of which these floral offerings are but types, a holy awe pervades the hour.

Yonder the sea beats in incessant waves upon the shore. You have heard the music of its ripple; you have beheld the fury of its frenzied waters, as they dashed, foam-crested, on the rock-bound coast; but whenever it is seen, in whatever phase of joy or sorrow, you recognize the throbbings of that great heart of the Infinite, whose mandates it fulfills with such loyal fidelity.

To-day we have brought to you from the fields and gardens these floral trib-

utes, decking these altars, ornamenting these walls. Perhaps in this new revelation they may appeal more forcibly to your heart. In their new position you may recognize some hitherto hidden beauty which was unrevealed in their humble home by the wayside.

Flowers represent the freshest and fairest of which nature is capable.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers, Every cup a pulpit, every leaf a book, Supplying to our fancy, numerous teachings from loneliest nook."

The very term signifies a bursting forth. They are indeed the choicest expression which nature ever utters. Botany treads amid these embellished paths, perusing the structure of plants and determining the functions of their intricate mechanism. While it teaches us to search in certain localities for special forms of flowerage, it classifies them into genera and species, thus faintly interpreting the sublime thoughts of the Creator. It carefully describes the appearance and condition of growth for each plant, while it opens up to our comprehension mysterious wonders of which we had never before conceived.

But while science demonstrates, faith illumines. No need to tell trusting childhood, buoyant with faith in a Heavenly Father and human nature, the perplexing syllogisms of bewildering science. With the advent of spring they search out the fairest flowers nature offers. They know the dell where the May-flowers shine forth in pristine beauty. Their little faces peer inquiringly into the golden chalice of the butter-cup. The daisy smiles upon them with a holier meaning than on any other. Innocence and Nature clasp hand in hand, and who can rightly interpret the affectionate caresses and whispers which they utter to each other?

Flowers are indeed beautiful! Do they not all seem to enjoy the air they breathe? Marvelous monitors, blooming by the wayside and in the garden!

Voices of messengers of a Father's oversight! Harbingers of that beatific state where fruition shall crown our hopes and a rich reward shall weary, waiting heart!

In all ages they have been used as symbols of victory and power. After the Olympic games the victor, wreath-crowned, sought his home where adorned floral honors and preferences awaited him. Superiority of state or condition joyfully accept these teeming expressions of commendation as an appreciative tribute of fidelity and esteem. In scenes of revelry and mirth the presence of these beautiful blossoms impart an added zest to the gay scene.

In Germany the bridegroom introduces the young wife to the new home on carpets of freshly strewn flowers, while wreaths of welcoming and garlands of rejoicing give voice to the perpetuity and dawning joy of the future. As the Teutons carry their dead to sepulture, black-robed maidens precede the pall-bearers, carrying in their extended arms huge pyramids of variegated flowers, whose gorgeous hues are concealed by the crepe pall which only partially hides their beauty. When the body is lowered into the vault the casket is thickly strewn with these flowers which friend after friend so lovingly contributes. And thus they leave their dead—buried under a flowery mound, the soft weight of the bursting blossoms pressing lightly their still robes. Perchance with the perfume their freed spirits rise higher toward the eternal living, upon which God in His mercy has already welcomed them.

Nor are we less prodigal in the use of flowers. Stimulated, perhaps, by the example of our fathers, we, too, adapt them to life's varied demands. What gift carries more joy into the sick-room than a few flowers freighted with beauty and fragrance! To the tired soul they carry tales of hope and abiding peace. They breathe of the infinite Father's love. They assure us of His remembrance. They stretch out their tiny arms of consolation, and how joyfully the suffering one drinks in the mysterious music they so touchingly express.

Their pearls petals kiss the fair bride's brow, and cluster caressingly in her radiant hair. They deck childhood and maturity. We offer them to our cherished dead, folding in their dear hands the blossoms they most loved. We plant above their last resting place these passive teachers, which never interrupt our thought, but always direct it toward action and fruition.

To-day we have come to speak to you of their higher uses; to reveal to you the deeper significance of their presence; to tell you of God's omnipotent power, and His omnipotent majesty; to open up before you the panorama of His tender love and abiding peace; to help you to weave a wreath of rarest blossoms for the crucified Jesus—He who bore a crown of thorns for us.

In voicing our love for Him, we may unwittingly substitute beauty for deformity, joy for suffering."

[Concluded next week.]

Read before the M. E. Church, Scholastic, Mass., on "Children's Floral Day."

WOMAN'S WORK AT THE VINEYARD.

BY MRS. R. H. WOOD.

Many who come to the Vineyard believe there is no work to do here—that it is all recreation. Very well; have it so, if you please; but allow me to introduce you to the work of the "workers."

The first item is the enterprising Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

To make this society a success year after year in a place like this,

THE HOUSEHOLD. HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY MRS. T. B. BARRINGER.

A handsome and inexpensive foot-mat may be made—if you have considerable patience—of either the common canvas such as is used for wrapping and packing furniture, or coffee-sacking and woolen yarn. The coffee-sacking can be bought at a dry goods store, and is quite cheap. Cut a piece at least two inches larger every way than you want the mat to be when finished. Take some old woolen, or something heavy, for a lining. Fix the edge first, as it is bad stuff to ravel. Of course, use your own taste about the yarn, but it should be of some bright color. Two inches from the edge, work a button-hole stitch, being sure to follow a thread precisely as in canvas; and if you want the edge to point inside, which is very pretty, take up two threads the first stitch, the next, four the next, five the next, then four, then three, then two, and so on. Some work it four stitches deep all round. After you have button-holed the edge, turn the extra two inches under, and hem it down upon the lining. If you have canvas ties, or old-fashioned magazines, you can get a pattern for a border, having it about two inches from the worked edge, and also some pretty design for a centre-piece; but the design of working it like canvas by crossing two threads for a stitch, take up four threads and cross it from corner to corner and also from side to side. This makes the stitch prettier, and by making so large it is a shorter task to work one. They can also be worked the same as canvas ties. Some finish them with fringe, but it is in poor taste unless the fringe matches the yarn used, which would make the mat as expensive as a "boughten" one.

There are three dishes often made among New York State farmers which I never saw eaten in New England—"butter-milk pop," "sweet milk pop," and "salmagundi." The first is made in this way: "If the butter has been rinsed with water—as this process has probably made the butter-milk one-third water—put one coffee cup of rice into two quarts of the butter-milk, let it cook very slowly until the rice is well done. Then mix one tablespoon of flour with a cup of sweet milk, pour it into the "pop," let it boil up once, salt to taste, and remove from the fire. It must be eaten cold, and sweetened to suit each one's taste, with molasses. If you are not fond of butter-milk, or molasses either, don't try it. It is a taste seldom cultivated. I should have added above that if the butter-milk is free from water, the rice must first be cooked, then added to the butter-milk, and boiled together twenty minutes.

The "sweet milk pop" is made the same as the other, except sweet milk is used in the place of butter-milk, and the rice must always be cooked first. This is seldom sweetened, and never with molasses. It is an excellent dish for children, and one of which they are generally extremely fond. After having made it once, you can suit yourself as to the thickness of it.

"Salmagundi" is a curious dish: Take five salt herring—not the smoked ones—skin and strip in small pieces from the bones. Soak in cold water until they are as fresh as desired. Peel and chop five good-sized onions. Put the fish and onions in a dish together, add a cup of sharp cider vinegar and plenty of pepper and mustard. Let it stand for half an hour, when it is ready to be eaten. This dish is not exactly good for dyspeptics, but if you have never tasted it, it is well enough to try it. It should be eaten with old, dry bread, fresh butter, hot and strong tea—served without milk—old-fashioned apple-sauce, and soft gingerbread.

PLAINVILLE CAMP-MEETING, CT.

MR. EDITOR: A few numbers of the paper under your editorial care are taken in this village, and I thus find an opportunity, week by week, of reading ZION'S HERALD; and I am speaking only the simple truth when I say that it has again and again occurred to me, that your paper is the best of the religious press that comes regularly to my home, and hand, and head, and heart.

But I took up my pen to write you a passing notice of the Plainville Camp-meeting, one of the largest of all of those held in this section of the country, and which has just (Aug. 23) concluded its labors, within the limit of my own charge.

The grounds are fine, with shade improving every year, and so declining towards the preachers' stand as to give the congregation, which may be farthest off, the opportunity of seeing and hearing, or so slanting as, besides, to readily shed off the water of heavily falling rain. There are only a few wooden buildings erected, but a double row of tents encircles the space, and the attendance during the meeting was large, reaching the number on the Sabbath of from six to eight thousand persons.

Presiding Elder W. T. Hill presided well over the meeting, which he opened with a sermon intended to be a sort of key-note on the texts, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" "Be filled with the Spirit." He was followed in the evening by Rev. W. D. Thompson; at 10 o'clock, Rev. A. Hill, of Hartford, preached on "The Lord, our God, merciful and gracious," etc., at 2, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was represented to great advantage by Mrs. C. P. Taplin, of Vermont, and Dr. Cummings, of Middletown.

Wesleyan University. Many members were added to the society. At 7, the chief sermon was by Rev. G. L. Westgate, from, "For the people had a mind to work." There were several sermons, for the rain had driven Israel to their tents.

Saturday morning Rev. C. H. Buck made us to rejoice with the angels, in whose "presence there is great joy over one sinner that repenteth." In the afternoon the rain again interrupted, while the Rev. Mr. Northrop, of the Fourth Congregational Church, Hartford, while he was finely discussing about the box of ointment broken by Mary over the Saviour's head.

Sabbath morning was opened, of course, with the delightful Methodist love-feast. It was followed by a sermon on the "Character, Methods, Successes, and Promises of Christ's Kingdom," by Rev. G. P. Mains. The afternoon brought us Rev. W. H. Boole, on the "Joy of the Atonement;" and in the evening the evangelist, Rev. Spencer H. Bray, gave a delightful talk on "Christ and the Blind Man of Jericho."

Monday, at 10 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Burne discoursed about "Elijah and the hand of the Lord upon him;" then at 2, Rev. Wm. McAllister preached with overflowing comfort to many an afflicted soul from that precious passage, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," etc.; and at 7, Rev. Mr. Meredith, whose brother you extol, discoursed, as well perhaps as his brother could, on "The New Birth."

On Tuesday morning President Foss, of Wesleyan University, was as clear, touching, and convincing as ever, on the "Differences and the Agreements marked in the Conversions of Lydia and the Philippian Jailer;" Rev. Dr. Upham, of the New England Conference, preached an able sermon in the afternoon on the "Mystery of God;" and at night Rev. John Pegg proclaimed, "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

The whole of Wednesday was given up to a temperance demonstration, led by Brother Boole. Converted drinkers were present, sitting and speaking thrillingly, in their right minds. Judge Van Cott, of New York, and Mrs. Hart, of Brooklyn, spoke legally and tenderly on the great subject; but much good was doubtless done; but whether it was best to give up the whole of the last day of camp-meeting to this demonstration, I am not sure.

The intervals of the public gatherings were filled up with prayer and experience meetings and children's services; these latter being directed by Rev. Mrs. Tomkinson, a worthy daughter of dear, good Brother Redford, lately deceased, of N. Y. East Conference.

There were conversions to Christ, chiefly of the young, through these meetings, but the tide of desire was for holiness to the Lord. Many were on the stretch after this grace, and some of my own charge felt that they sweetly entered into the rest of faith. The Lord established them all therein!

The whole movement, on and off the camp-ground on the Sabbath, though uncommonly guarded, did not help me to be more favorably disposed to camp-meetings held over the Sabbath in such sections as this, than I was before.

J. WESLEY HORNE.

Forestville, Conn., Aug. 28.

EDUCATIONAL.

Roanoke College, at Salem, Va., has 177 students, among whom are eight Choctaws from the Indian Territory.

Ground has been broken for the new chemical building of the Illinois Industrial University. The State appropriation is \$40,000. It is to be four stories in height, 124 feet long, and 74 feet wide, and will include five laboratories, besides a furnace, assay-room, lecture-rooms, museum, etc.

Four years since Miss Raymond was elected, with much opposition, superintendent of the public schools of Bloomington, Ill. She has just been unanimously elected to a fourth term.

The people of Wallhalla, S. C., have subscribed \$16,000 for a Presbyterian College, to be located at that place. The presidency has been unanimously tendered to Rev. J. B. Adger, D.D.

Prof. Lyman Coleman, of Lafayette College, is in his 82d year. He has been a teacher more than half a century, and when tutor in Yale college, had for pupils, Dr. Wm. Adams, Horace Bushnell, N. P. Willis, Dr. Leonard Bacon, and others less known to fame.

The fees for the students in the scientific expedition around the world have been reduced to \$2,500, and for cadets to \$2,000. A larger vessel, the *Otaru*, has been secured in consequence of the large number who have applied for passage.

Dr. J. H. Pooley, of Columbus, Ohio, has been appointed professor of surgery at Dartmouth College, vice Dr. A. B. Crosby. Dr. Pooley has accepted, and has entered upon his duties. He is spoken of as a man of great ability, and as near the equal of the late Dr. Crosby as could be found.

Miss Anna M. Thomson, well known in various parts of the country as a woman of culture and a teacher of ability, takes the department of mathematics at Lasell Seminary. Marion Gilmore, class of '76, a scholar of unusual promise, and considerable experience in teaching, will give her entire attention to training in English composition. By this new departure (for such school) Lasell proposes to make this work, so often dreaded by young pupils, a real delight.

Obituaries.

ELIZABETH P. RICHARDS was born in Lincolnville, Me., June 13, 1799, was born again in 1830, and fell asleep in Jesus at Rockport, Me., June 1, 1877.

For forty-eight years she had been an earnest, consistent Christian, and a member of the M. E. Church. Sister R. lived a positive life, beautified by a positive faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The sweetness of her disposition was manifest in all the walks of life, and especially in her own family which reflected back the love she gave to the world. She lived in peace, beloved by all. In peace she died, lamented by all. She rests in peace, tenderly remembered by all. And may the God of peace abide with the afflicted companion and children!

A. J. CLIFFORD.

Mrs. MELINDA KIMBALL died in Rindge, N. H., July 6, 1877, aged 74 years.

Sister K. had been a member of the M. E. Church in this place for twenty-four years. She was a Christian, a devoted companion, a kind mother, and a faithful friend. During her severe sickness she was wonderfully sustained by her Saviour's presence, and died in the triumph of faith. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Kindge, N. H. C. E. ROGERS.

ABIE E. FREEBORN, wife of Thomas W. Freeborn, and daughter of John C. Braman, died very suddenly at her home in Newport, R. I., May 13, 1877, aged 33 years.

Sister F. was converted, together with her husband, under the labors of the Church in 1872. She was an affectionate daughter, a kind mother, and a very active member of the Church. Ever cheerful and genial, even when in sorrow, she was beloved by all, and the life of every circle in which she moved. She was deeply interested in the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, to which a sum of money left by her, has been sacredly devoted by her husband. It will be invested for the benefit of the society, and thus, by its annual contributions, long keep her memory green. She rests from her labors, and her works follow her.

E. M. S.

GEORGE ALVIN SIMMONS was buried from his home in Newport, R. I., July 13, 1877, aged 47 years.

Brother Simmons united with the First M. E. Church in 1857, and held at different times various positions of responsibility, being at one time steward, and at another time superintendent of the Sunday-school. He was energetic and industrious, rising rapidly to a position of influence in the community. At the time of his death he was city marshal and overseer of the poor. He was a competent officer, a worthy member of the Church, and a model husband and father. The wife and children whom he leaves behind have the sympathy and affection of his many friends, and his death was a very sudden, but his life can testify of his faith.

E. M. S.

Died at his residence in Vassalboro, Me., July 19, Hon. WARREN PERCIVAL, aged 58 years.

Few men taken from the quiet walks of life would be missed more in the State of Maine than Mr. Percival. Having always lived upon the farm where he was brought up, he devoted much time and energy to the improvement of his property, and ranked high as one of the progressive farmers of Maine. He had a high and noble position of importance and influence, which brought him before the public. In his own town he had been one of the selectmen, and held other offices for a number of years. He had represented his town in the State Legislature, and been a resident and trustee of the Maine State Agricultural Society, and also president of the board of agriculture. For a number of years he was assistant assessor of the internal revenue of the United States. At the World's Fair in Philadelphia he was one of the judges in the live-stock department.

Much—very much—might be said of him as a man of fidelity, honesty and trust in all these departments of life. But it is for the good work he did in his higher calling of life—as a Christian and member of the M. E. Church. In early life, at a camp-meeting, he gave himself to God, soon united with the M. E. Church, and ever after lived a faithful, consistent, and upright life.

He had served the Church at Cross Hill as trustee, class-leader, steward, recording steward, district steward, and superintendent of the Sunday-school. In all these relations to the Church the same fidelity was apparent, and he was in the other walks of his life. He excelled in any one position, it was in the Sunday-school. Nature and Providence had well fitted him for that work.

It is not necessary to say—although we are pleased to do it—that a man with such a record died well, and rests from his labors. He leaves a widow and son to mourn the loss of a very kind husband and father. May his mantle fall upon them, and they be divinely sustained in their due affliction!

A. PLUMER.

Windsor, Me.

Died in Winslow, Oct. 8, 1876, ALICE P. GREENE, aged 21 years.

These two lovely sisters were very much devoted to Christ, and were unusually developed Christians. They ripened for heaven early. Consumption's withering hand was laid upon them, and they gradually drooped and faded on earth, but now bloom on the "evergreen shore." Death to them was but the open door of heaven.

MRS. R. W. WENTWORTH.

ALMIRA D. WILSON, or "Mother Wilson," as she was familiarly known by many, departed this life at her home in South Coventry, Conn., Aug. 7, 1877, aged 75 years and 1 day.

She was converted in 1822 during the labors of Brother Rouse Gardner in this place, and joined the Methodist class that was organized here. For nearly fifty-five years she was a faithful member of the M. E. Church, believing its doctrines and toiling for its advancement. Her home was a resting-place for many of the early laborers. And her earnest prayers and labor for the salvation of men will not soon be forgotten by those who have known her. For the past two years she had not been able to attend public worship at the house of God. But her efforts for the salvation of souls did not cease until the end came. All who visited her at her home were sure to hear something about Jesus.

"She died in peace." May her mantle of entire devotion to the Master's work fall on the Church of which she was a member! GEO. W. HUNT.

R. P. GAGE was born in Hadley, Mass., and died, aged 57 years, Aug. 15, 1877, in Uxbridge, Mich., at the residence of his brother, Rev. Rodney Gage.

He was converted in July, 1842, at Ware House Point, Ct. He soon became a member of the M. E. Church, and for thirty years continued at his residence there. He was superintendent of the Sunday-school twenty-one years, and also filled the offices of class-leader, trustee, and steward. The last years of his life were ripened for greater usefulness in the Church.

But disease came. He bravely struggled to baffle its power, but neither New England, Minnesota, nor Michigan had any remedies to arrest its progress. He became conscious that his earthly work was done, and died possessing the fullness of the comforts of the Gospel.

A few days before his death, while talking of dying, he exclaimed, "Death, strike! I fear not the blow. You have no right to harm me, have been drinking at the fountain." R. GAGE.

Died in East Salisbury, Mass., Aug. 15, 1877, SARAH E. MERRILL, wife of Perkins Merrill.

Sister M. died suddenly, having an illness of only a few hours; but she was ready for the happy summons. Her Christian life was one full of deep piety and earnest devotion to her Master. Her dying hours were full of sweet assurances that with her all was well. Greatly shall we miss her earnest counsel, her cheering testimony, her sympathetic and her inspiring voice of song from our services.

Seldom has this place seen such a day of general mourning as the day of her funeral—showing how highly she was appreciated, and how deeply the people sympathized with her. Her husband, we entreat for him the sympathy and prayers of all the Church of God.

N. P. P.

"THE AGE OF REASON."

The boy that went to the mill on horseback, carrying the grain in one end of the bag and a stone in the other, when reproved by the miller, and told to divide the grain, replied that his father and grandfather had carried it that way, and he, being no better than they, should continue to do as they did. Similar, or equally as absurd, reasons are advanced by some to warrant them in indiscriminately condemning Dr. Pierce's Family Medicine, even though there is overwhelming proof that they possess a power to cure.

For many years the Golden Medical Discovery has been recognized as the leading liver and blood medicine in the market. Each year has brought in its train a new and it is now used throughout the civilized world. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials are on file in the Doctor's office, attesting its efficacy in overcoming aggravated coughs, colds, throat and lung affections, also scrofula, tumors, ulcers, and skin diseases.

Any one suffering with some chronic malady? If so, and you wish to employ medicine that is scientifically prepared; that is refined and purified by the chemical process employed in their manufacture; that is positive in their action, and specific to the various forms of disease, the cure of which they are recommended, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicine. Full particulars in Pierce's Memorandum Book, kept for free distribution by all druggists.

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DR. QUAIN'S

MAGIC

CONDITION PILLS!

The Wonderful Remedy for

Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Dyspepsia,

Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

Constipation, Sick Head-

ache, Headache, Nervous-

ness, Kidney Complaint,

Piles, Paralysis, Fever

and Ague, Scrofula, and

all diseases arising from

bad state of the blood.

No medicine ever offered to the public has given so universal satisfaction as Dr. Quain's Magic Condition Pills. Their praises are on every tongue where their merits are known. A single package cures many of the most distressing ailments, and has been given up by many who had been long and vainly seeking relief. They are a household remedy, and should be in every family. They are a powerful purgative, and should be taken at once at the onset of disease and show their healing power almost immediately. Thousands of grateful testimonials of their merits have been received by the agent, from those who have been cured by them, of which the following are samples:

Marvelous Cures!

Dyspepsia Four Years, Constipation and Inflammation of the Bowels Three Years. Confined to My Room Two Years. Pain in the Head and Neck without Momentary Relief. One Package of Dr. Quain's Condition Pills made me Eat Well, Sleep Well, and Free from Pain, after being given up by Physicians.

LEBANON, W. MISTERS, Feb. 27, 1875.

MR. THOMAS W. LANE:—I have been sick for four years with dyspepsia, and for the past three years with constipation and inflammation of the bowels. I have suffered all the pain I could endure, and have been confined to my room for two years, and could not sleep a night without the use of morphine. I have been given up by physicians as past cure. I have taken one package of Dr. Quain's Condition Pills, and they have done more good than all the doctors I have had. I feel well, eat well, and have no pain. They are all they are recommended to be. Please send me three packages, as two of my neighbors wish to try them. I enclose \$1.00.

Yours truly, JOHN W. LANE.

ALMIRA D. WILSON, or "Mother Wilson," as she was familiarly known by many, departed this life at her home in South Coventry, Conn., Aug. 7, 1877, aged 75 years and 1 day.

She was converted in 1822 during the labors of Brother Rouse Gardner in this place, and joined the Methodist class that was organized here. For nearly fifty-five years she was a faithful member of the M. E. Church, believing its doctrines and toiling for its advancement. Her home was a resting-place for many of the early laborers. And her earnest prayers and labor for the salvation of men will not soon be forgotten by those who have known her. For the past two years she had not been able to attend public worship at the house of God. But her efforts for the salvation of souls did not cease until the end came. All who visited her at her home were sure to hear something about Jesus.

"She died in peace." May her mantle of entire devotion to the Master's work fall on the Church of which she was a member! GEO. W. HUNT.

226

Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Complaints for Twenty-Five Years Cured by Quain's Condition Pills.

DANVER, MASS., July 19, 1875.

MR. LANE:—I have been suffering for twenty-five years with neuralgia and rheumatism, causing severe pain in the back and hips. I have suffered all the pain I could endure, and have been confined to my room for two years, and could not sleep a night without the use of morphine. I have been given up by physicians as past cure. I have taken one package of Dr. Quain's Condition Pills, and they have done more good than all the doctors I have had. I feel well, eat well, and have no pain. They are all they are recommended to be. Please send me three packages, as two of my neighbors wish to try them. I enclose \$1.00.

Yours truly, JOHN W. LANE.

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National Repository

DANIEL CURRY, D. D., Editor.

JUNE, 1877.

THE OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, S. W.

ILLINOIS: Delaware White Sulphur Springs, N. Y. in its title, and it is now used throughout the civilized world.

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226

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Constipation, Sick Head-

ache, Headache, Nervous-

ness, Kidney Complaint,

Piles, Paralysis, Fever

and Ague, Scrofula, and

all diseases arising from

bad state of the blood.

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Opinion of Dr. Wm. H. Stokes, Physician M. H. Hope Retreat, Baltimore: "I have great pleasure in adding my testimony to the virtues of Dr. Strong's Remedial Institute, which I have used as the very best preparation used, and therefore confidently recommend it to the medical profession." W. E. A. POTTER, Agents.

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